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October 1924

"BOY IN A RED SWEATER"
by
Robert Henri

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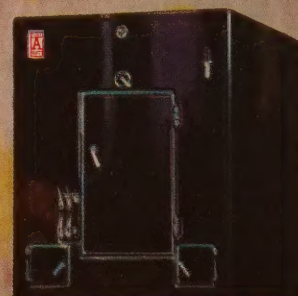
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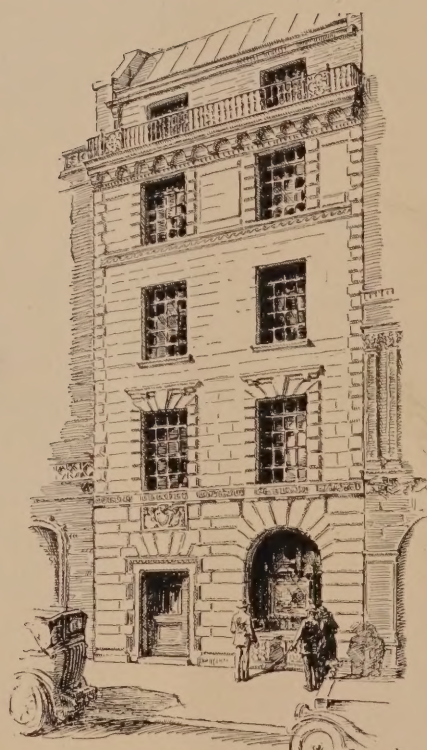
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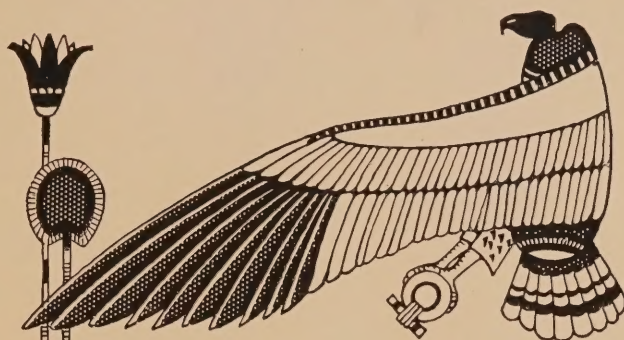
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MONUMENTAL LOUIS XIV "LIT À LA DUGHESSE"
WITH ORIGINAL DRAPERIES

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BEDS OF THE THREE LOUIS

IN THAT CENTURY and a half between the time Louis XIV assumed absolute control of the kingdom till the Revolution ended the life of Louis XVI France was the greatest art

influence of the time; and in the reigns of the three Louis, including the brief years of the Regency, design as applied to architecture, furniture and interior decoration achieved a degree of perfection that has no parallel in the history of these arts and crafts. The luxury of the lives of royalty and the nobility grew to a splendor whose grace and beauty is summed up in Taine's brief description of the times of Louis XIV as being "wholly operatic," a luxury that brought about the inevitable and terrible days of the Revolution when, to paraphrase Taine, life became wholly tragic. The first two of these kings deliberately encouraged this splendid magnificence by their manner of living; and although it is the general custom to blink the fact they were aided to a marked degree by that group of royal mistresses beginning with Madame de Montespan and ending with Madame du Barry.

If the reader may wonder how out of all this superb refinement of form and color as applied to the utilities of life so prosaic an article of furniture as a bed should be selected for special note his curiosity or mild surprise will be quickly satisfied by a summary of the place the bed occupied both as to its actual situation in any home and in its social relation. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century a bed was the most important thing in a household in respect to value as countless royal inventories and private wills record. Almost to the end of the eighteenth century the

Decorative styles of these periods and social changes in French life traced through pieces of antique furniture

William B. M'GORMICK

bed of the head of every wealthy family stood in the state room of the castle or chateau. A history of the gradual improvement of domestic comfort, heating and sanitation might be traced

through the several general forms of northern European beds from the early paneled ones, *lit clos*, to the semi-enclosed bedsteads of the era of the three Louis and to the last traces of the first type found in the open "four-poster" where ornamentation through structural forms actually ends. When it is known that Louis XIV gave audience in bed; when it is recalled that the great ladies of those eras received their friends in the same manner; when the reader is reminded of the elaborate ritual that grew up about the morning toilet of royalty and nobility, then the bed assumes outstanding importance in the history of the arts and crafts of the period under consideration here.

Costly as these state beds were, treasured as they were at the time, few are the examples that have come down to us and these chiefly through being in museums such as that at Fontainebleau. It is only within recent months that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired two notable pieces that fall within the classification of state beds, one from France of the Louis XVI period, the other from England and of a century earlier and typical of the extravagances of the Restoration. Just why these bedsteads have so completely disappeared from all save a few of the more stately chateaux and palaces of France and England is easy of understanding in view of the trend toward a simpler form of life and of domestic interiors following the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The state bedstead was cumbersome, its costly luxury an affront to the growing

Photographs by courtesy of French & Co.



NEEDLEWORK VALANCE AND SIDE PANELS OF THE LOUIS XIV BED

democratic and puritanic tastes of the people of these two nations. Once disassembled there was nothing to call for the care of its several parts; and the natural enemies of fabrics and wood completed a physical destruction originating in social and political revolution.

The more remote any type of antique bedstead is from the present day the rarer it becomes, this being in marked contrast to the number of chairs, tables, benches and chests that come down to us from the sixteenth century and even earlier. This circumstance adds much to the extreme rarity, to mention this feature alone, of a monumental bed of the period of Louis XIV which has recently

been acquired by a New York collector, a piece of which every member is in its original condition, the nearest existing duplicate of which for regal beauty is the bed of Louis XIV at Versailles. Its stately form, its damask covering and, most of all, its exquisite needlework valances and panels of myriad flowerlike hues, make this bedstead chief in its field not alone in our country but anywhere beyond the confines of France itself.

This Louis XIV bed is that greatest of all rarities among such pieces of furniture, a perfect example of the *lit en dôme à la duchesse* of which the most famous specimen is the bed of Marie Antoinette at Fontainebleau. The *lit à la duchesse*, which is better known through the literature of furniture than by existing pieces, is defined "as a bed having its head-board against the wall, no foot-board and a canopy supported from the ceiling and of the same size and shape as the bed." Comparison of this definition with the accompanying illustrations will show that our *lit* fills every one of these specifications perfectly. The type was unknown before the last quarter of the seventeenth century and even in the reign of Louis XIV they were not numerous for in a royal inventory of that time out of four hundred and thirteen beds

described there were only "several" *à la duchesse*. Our example may be dated as approximately of the year 1700. Its dimensions are: length, six feet ten inches; width, five feet three inches; height to top of canopy, eleven feet eight inches. The upper end of the frame and head-board form one piece, the rest of the members of the bed being applied, the demountability of the whole being one of its chief features. The frame, designed to be wholly concealed, is of cherry wood and of the simplest possible construction with slightly tapering quadrilateral legs while the covered headboard is shaped in the style of the period.

After its perfection of form the glory of this



MONUMENTAL LOUIS XIV "LIT À LA DUCHESSE"



LOUIS XV CHAISE LONGUE

bed is to be found in the textiles comprising the green damask of the covering and the canopy lining and the needlework upper and lower valances and side panels. The damask bed covering, the drapery behind the headboard, or *dossier*, and the lining of the padded canopy is of a lustrous green with a characteristic flower and leaf design. This is ornamented with yellow silk galloon shirred with a marvelous technique (this feature representing the acme of appliqué), the bed-covering being finished with yellow silk fringe. Luxurious as is this damask it assumes an air of sobriety when in the company of the needlework side panels and the scallop-pointed valances around the canopy above and the bed-frame below.

The needlework of these panels is what is technically known as *point St. Cyr*, a style developed in the school established at St. Cyr by Madame de Maintenon who played so important a part in the life of Louis XIV and in the court and France itself. The upper and lower valances and the lower ends of both side panels are scalloped and show a series of medallions enclosed in scroll-like frames with borders of strapwork and conventional floral decorations. The medallions are Biblical and mythological with a few of animal subjects, these last reflecting the then growing vogue of La Fontaine's "Fables." The needlework is in both *gros point* and *petit point*, the colors being glowing blues and reds and greens, such as are no longer seen in so rich and varied beauty in needlework, embroidered on a dark ground. The exquisite harmony of these colors and their interplay adds

much to the gorgeous splendor of the dominating feature of this monumental bedstead.

The *chaise longue* of the period of Louis XV is selected for illustration here since it is the symbol of a marked change that had taken place in the court attitude toward the bedstead in this reign. It had begun to be realized that a bedstead in the chief royal apartment was a contradiction of the privacy that should be associated with sleep and there already had appeared the *lit de parade*, a bedstead separated from the rest of the room by being placed on a platform and surrounded with balustrading, and the *lit d'alcove*, a bedstead placed in a recess to which semi-state and privacy was given by balustrading or columns which separated the bed from the room and yet made it and its alcove a part of the architectural scheme. With the next step in this transition of the bed from the "front parlor" to an actual bedroom there still remained the tradition of receiving friends in a reclining position, the justification for which may be found in David's immortal portrait of Madame Recamier. And to accommodate this desire in the bedsteadless drawing-room the graceful ingenuity of French cabinetmakers revealed itself in the *chaise longue*. Originally the frames of these day-beds were filled in with cane but soon velvets and other rich fabrics were used to upholster them as more befitting their surroundings. Usually associated solely with the idea of luxury of surroundings and physical ease the *chaise longue* is actually one of the most striking pieces of furniture extant since it marks the era when the bed-



CARVED, PAINTED AND GILDED LOUIS XVI BED

room as such came into existence in the homes of royalty and the nobility.

Although the tradition of the monumental bed was still preserved through the reign of Louis XVI we can see how far progress had gone toward the more practical and less cumbersome and costly modern bedstead through the illustration of an original Louis XVI bed now in this country shown herewith. Painting, carving and applied decoration all were called upon to embellish this very practical and moveable piece of furniture. A carved panel adorns the headboard, the footboard is enriched inside and out with panels of Louis XVI brocade, the legs are modeled and carved in the characteristic style of the period. Painted a pale green with touches of gilding this piece of furniture serves as an exquisite link between the gorgeous splendors of the monumental Louis XIV bedstead described here, the supreme grace of the *chaise*

longue and the passing of the era of the three Louis. This faded but graceful piece also marks the last but one great and distinctive French furniture style. Yet not even the most reactionary Frenchman would hold the Empire style on the same plane of beauty as any one of the *modes* developed under these three kings.

APPLIQUÉD DAMASK COVER OF HEADBOARD, LOUIS XIV BED





"AT SEA"

BY ALBERT RYDER

PHILLIPS Memorial GALLERY

GREAT MUSEUMS are forming, private and public, bright gemlike areas of this youthful America, over the country everywhere. Fine art has found its place in the sun. In the beautiful city of Washington much has been done; the National Gallery, the Corcoran Gallery, the Freer Collection, and high on the horizon the Phillips Memorial Gallery. It was founded spiritually, intellectually, esthetically, by a practical dreamer, Mr. Duncan Phillips, an art critic fortunate in the means to gather a collection; an author whose travel and education have built authority. And this museum, fathered by a critic-student-author, must perforce command attention, endow America from its delightful source, and form an uplifting power, a blessing.

"The Collection consists chiefly of

Collection formed by Duncan Phillips of Washington, D.C., to further the appreciation of art in America
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French and American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, although it is my intention to continue to acquire works by a few 'old masters' who had a modern spirit, and

who anticipated in one way or another methods modern artists are using and ideas they are thinking about. Thus I hope to trace the growth of

"KNITTING FOR SOLDIERS"

BY J. ALDEN WEIR



modern painting from remote origins, bringing together in separate exhibition units congenial spirits from different parts of the world and from different periods of history. For there is nothing more demonstrable than that art is a universal language defying classification according to time and place, nation or race, periods or schools or neat chronological sequence. We have already in our catalogue names of three artists who are sources of modern painting: El Greco, a founder of



"LE DÉJEÛNER DES CANÔTIERS"

BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

romantic expressionism and rhythmical design; Chardin, a founder of simplified naturalism and the richly harmonious envelopment of objects in

space; Guardi, a founder of impressionism or the rapid transcript of elusive appearance," Mr. Phillips has written.

"FOUR O'CLOCK LADIES"

BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES





"PAGANINI"

BY EUGENE DELACROIX

Mr. Phillips has traveled far, literally and esthetically; his purchases are self reflections. First he bought for the encouragement of the painter where ere he saw the spark developing; he now has so vast a memorabilia that he stores comparative data and is fascinated in the "analysis of constituent qualities of a great painter." So his Memorial Gallery will hold exhibitions of comparison, starting the observer on fascinating adventures into books and museums, little journeys to the dreams and hopes of a painter. He will correlate men of similar temperament and esthetic vision. He will contrast the results achieved from different artists' points of view on similar subjects. He will show the gradual development of an artist's genius, its expression through "period phases of his development."

To quote his promise: "Instead of trying to have all the good painters represented with one example, we shall continue to bring together works fully revealing the genius of a few chosen artists. Among the Frenchmen for whom we are planning exhibition units are Daumier, Corot, Courbet, Renoir, Monet and his school and Puvis de Chavannes; Americans include Ryder, Twacht-

"BOWL OF PLUMS"

BY JEAN BAPTISTE CHARDIN





"THE REMORSE OF PETER"

BY EL GRECO

man, Homer, Weir, Prendergast, Hassam, Davies, Tack, Lawson, Luks, Myers, Kent, Beal, Spencer and Marjorie Phillips."

One of the purposes of the Phillips Memorial is to show American and European paintings side by side instead of exhibiting our native work separately as if it were a by-product. Taking just pride in revealing its distinction and importance

as part of the main channel of all artistic progress, he plans to do all he can to make American art better known abroad.

"Another of our purposes," Mr. Phillips declares, "is to discover and to honor quality in contemporary art of a kind easily overlooked and not easily recognized at its true worth because of the fact that artists of creative originality and of



"ROAD ROLLER"

BY ROCKWELL KENT

"WINDY DAY"

BY ERNEST LAWSON





"SAILING BY MOONLIGHT"

BY ALBERT RYDER

sincere independence refuse to paint down to the public and are equally incapable of attracting attention to themselves by sensational subjects and methods and by political wire pulling and organized self advertisement. I wish to win for them reward and recognition in their own day, and I prefer to take a chance on over-rating the men I believe in rather than discreetly to wait for time to appraise their achievement.

"We want to popularize what is best in art by the intimacy and attractiveness of our methods of presentation without making concessions to the public in matters of taste and without in any way lowering our standards as some public galleries are tempted to do to alleviate the over-aweing effect of cold formal institutional architecture. We wish if possible to create the atmosphere of a home, an atmosphere of ease and comfort, for our gallery, where visitors will feel inclined to linger. Their pleasure must persuade them to return and ultimately to absorb the point of view of the artists. Should they remain thereafter on the same esthetic level our purpose will have been

accomplished. We would then have hastened the development of a public enlightened as to what art really is, and able to assist the artist to get his work known and his purpose understood."

The architecture of personality is strangely built. Its Gothic spires of artistic development rise early but mature slowly. Before you walk, before you talk, the charm of pictures stills your infant battle-cry. Under the urge of new adventures you forget beauty, yet in music, in color, in form, it remains a part of you, builds high your lives, makes comprehensible your loves and many noble things you do. Duncan Phillips has always had a consciousness dominated by color and yet aware of inadequate talent for drawing and ambitions to make literary record of exquisite moments in rare places or to suggest spiritual emotions in the abstract. Foreign travel awakened him to his absorbing interest in painting.

Mr. Phillips is of Scotch-Irish and English stock, pure American from Colonial days; soldiers and statesmen and captains of industry, no artists. His maternal grandfather, Mr. James



"LILIAN WOLKES"

BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

Laughlin, was founder of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company and a great banker, of the type of Andrew Mellon. His father was a union officer, a major in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry through the Civil War, later on a manufacturer in Pittsburgh where Duncan Phillips was born June 26, 1886. When they moved to Washington in 1897, young Phillips attended private school and later entered Yale, graduating in 1908 with honors in English composition. As an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine he wrote essays on art because he loved paintings more than books. His travel through the summer took him to Italy and Spain, Paris and London, the Louvre and National Gallery; he dreamed of being a painter, but could write better than paint and wisely decided to interpret the work of great artists. "Far too many that paint, far too few who understand and interpret the true artist's point of view to the end that he may not be without fame in his own day and without honor in his own country."

In 1910-1915 he lived with his brother James

Laughlin Phillips, an exceedingly able man, who had a brilliant life before him. Loveable, altruistic, practical, he gave himself to great causes, the Red Cross, the Civic Federations. During this time Duncan Phillips wrote through the winter and studied art in Europe during the summer. He joined the Century Association and the contact with other artists had profound effect. J. Alden Weir became a close friend, Weir whose kindly genius for enthusiasm encouraged him. The first fruit of his travel study was *The Enchantment of Art* published by John Lane, 1914, received with splendid notices. Followed book-reviews and contributions to the *American Magazine of Art* and many other magazines. In the war he threw himself into the pictorial propaganda, stimulating artistic paintings, helping artists, winding up in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Gallatin in the Allied War Salon of 1918, at the old American Art Galleries—thousands of pictures in all mediums from artists of all the allied countries. After the death of his father in 1917 and brother in 1918, he suffered a protracted illness, happily recovering. In 1921 he married Miss Marjorie Acker of Ossining, New York, a niece of Reynolds and Gifford Beal, a talented painter. Her New York exhibition at Kraushaar's was generally liked, critics and artists alike found

"distinction of touch" and "freshness in her point of view." It is pleasant to contemplate Mr. Phillips helping her and Marjorie Phillips lending her artist spirit to his collecting.

This great enterprise was conceived as a bridge between folks who would not see and art, between folks who could not see and opportunity. Purposefully Phillips went about his collecting, inspired and assisted by his wife. Now there are two hundred and seventy-two paintings by ninety-six artists, foreign and American. Of sculpture only a beginning. Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, Mahonri Young. The passion is for color rather than for form. One-third of the present collection may be eliminated before this contribution to America's declaration of artistic independence has reached its final stage and the ultimate gallery in Washington opens permanently and continuously for the people. Meanwhile because of limited space, there is but one small gallery in which may be seen but a small part of the collection at one time. But one always finds



"LES AVOCATS"

BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

new treasures and old favorites recombined in new and suggestive groups. The changing exhibitions are like concerts of color with ever varied programs.

In his writings Duncan Phillips aims to recreate the pleasures of pictures, and in his more analytical moments to generously expand his appreciation, in Pater's fashion, to the full measure

of the artist's intention. His taste is catholic. His collection gives a survey of life. The delicate lyrics of Corot play with the fat unctuous harmonies of Monticelli. The linear melodies of Davies are contrasted with the more solemn rhythms of Puvis. He has found excitement in the irony of Daumier, in the meditation of Fantin, in the various arts of Inness, Whistler, Weir, Chardin,



"THE GLEN"

BY COURBET

Pissarro, Lawson, Twachtman, Ryder, Prendergast, Tack. The famous "Déjeuner des Canotiers" of Renoir is now the crowning peak of the collection. Pathos, joy, and despair (witness the Greco), sunlight, snowstorm and spring, peoples of all the world, colors of all the elements!

It is for us to ponder over the philosophy of the thing. Do we see beauty? Are people being

trained to feel and to understand? Is it not a record of dates and names out of books which parrot-like we drop from our mouths? What do we care or know about the elements of design, the artist's point of view and the difficulties he surmounts before he arrives at his effects of consummate ease? Have our critics been trained? Our art dealers—are they qualified? Phillips



"FESTIVAL"

BY JEROME MYERS

would have colleges offer courses in the philosophy of art and in elementary technical instruction, not merely in art-history. He would like to see colleges turn out great art teachers and "an enlight-

ened public." If the people could produce connoisseurs in greater number they would be the best art jury for an exhibition, doing away with professional politics and the clash of rival cliques.

"SUMMER"

BY JOHN H. TWACHTMAN





"SNOWSTORM"

BY SISLEY

So, in a sheltered valley the romance is yet unfinished, many golden threads to be woven into the fabric, many gaps to be filled, some inconsistencies to be corrected. The Memorial grows apace. Books are published—the first on J. Alden Weir, the second on Honoré Daumier, and the third on Arthur B. Davies. The next one is to be on Renoir. Living artists are given credit where credit is due, chosen ones being recorded com-

pletely. To look for the fleeting instant of beauty—lonely, to find company, sad, to find solace. Boldness you will meet, contrast of color, worship and strange necromancy. Contrasts of many moods, something for all of us, this beauty absolute sought for is found.

*Photographs for this article by courtesy of the
Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D.C.*





"VICTORY"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE

A SCULPTOR of ANIMAL LIFE

WHEN the immortal Alice found herself in Looking-Glass Land her first discovery was that in order to reach a desired spot she must walk in the opposite direction. I have

always thought this was written especially for artists, because an artist who wishes to please his public must forget all about it, and determine only to please himself. When he has succeeded in pleasing himself he will probably have an enthusiastic audience around him. Albert Laessle is an example of this independence of spirit; in choosing subjects which are really unique in sculpture he has certainly not thought of other artists or of the public. He has done the things which he loves solely because he wished to do them. Consequently his work has met with a cordial reception, and he is justly famed for daring and originality.

I am not going to speak of Laessle as a medalist, although the medal which he has made for the Belgian Children's Relief Committee, the medal awarded by the University of Pennsylvania for architectural merit, the Widener medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and a medal of honor recently completed for the Concord Art Association are all deserving of mention. Nor shall I dwell on his work as a portrait sculptor,

Albert Laessle devotes both craftsmanship and art to the modeling of the smaller birds and beasts and reptiles

D. ROY MILLER

though his busts of H. Grant Pearson, Lytton Buehler and Henri Scott, among others, deserve more than passing notice. In this article there is space only for an appreciation of his

work as a sculptor of animals. In some of his subject matter he may be compared to those Japanese artists who have shown a like sympathy for the little creatures that too many of us pass without notice. There is something naïve and refreshing in the Japanese enjoyment of the fire-flies and singing grasshoppers which they keep in small cages in their homes. The seventeen syllable poems which they write about dragon-flies, fire-flies and frogs may also be cited. There is a kindred sentiment in Laessle's observation of the minute forms of life, as in his three bronzes, "Frog and Katydid," "Locust and Pine Cone" and "Outcast," in the possession of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.

Let us follow Laessle into his studio on a wide quiet street in an old part of Philadelphia. It is situated conveniently near the Zoological Gardens where he has permission to keep his clay and study the animals at will. In his studio he is surrounded by *objets d'art*—pottery from Italy and Spain, and massive furniture of proportions most delightful



"FAN-TAIL PIGEON"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE

to the eye of a sculptor. Dark copies of old paintings hang on the walls. On a table under the skylight two small bronze bears confront each other.

"How did you first think of such unusual subjects?" I asked, as I turned in my hand a bronze statuette representing a nude chick at the awkward age.

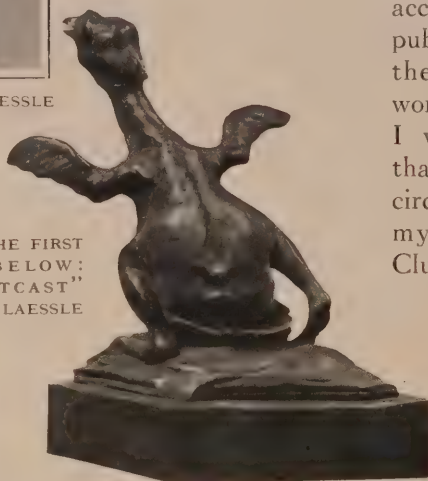
"It came about in a rather amusing way," he replied. "I was a young student working in Mr. Grafly's regular life and head classes. One day one of the boys in the class brought in a ten pound snapping turtle for Mr. Grafly's dinner. Of course the entrance of a turtle into the class occasioned a great deal of fun. All the students stopped work and went to look at it—I with the rest. As I was watching its movements and admiring the construction of its shell the thought came to me that the turtle might be a good sub-

ject for study. I borrowed it, and became so much interested that I decided to use it in a composition. Casting about in my mind for other objects which might combine with the turtle to make a possible group, I conceived the idea of a struggle between a turtle and a giant crab over the body of a dead crow. I worked on this subject a long time, becoming more and more interested, and finally brought it to a successful conclusion. It was the first composition I had ever finished, and I was naturally pleased with it. I decided to send it to the Art Club's exhibition in Philadelphia. What was my surprise when the newspapers, in reviewing the exhibition, assailed my work as a cast! It was too lifelike for them to believe that a twenty-four year old student had done it. My state of mind at the time was indescribable. I was naturally pleased that the same mistake had been made in my case as in that of Barye and of Rodin,

both of whom had been accused of casting by a public unaccustomed to the accuracy of their work. On the other hand, I was much chagrined that the doubt of the circumstances prevented my receiving the Art Club medal that year.

"This incident determined me to prove the error of my critics, and the next year I made a careful study of the same turtle and ex-

hibited it, this time in wax, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The modeling of the wax showed very plainly, and removed all doubt of my ability to make accurate studies of animals without casting. The papers which had formerly been loudest in their accusations now preserved a discreet silence, while other newspapers acclaimed my achievement. I was most pleased when the Academy purchased the turtle, and had it cast in bronze for the permanent collection, where it may now be seen under the title 'Turtle and Lizard.'"



RIGHT: "THE FIRST
STEP." BELOW:
"THE OUTCAST"
BY ALBERT LAESSLE



Soon after this episode whereby a snapping turtle obtained a new lease on life, and Mr. Grafly missed a dinner, Laessle received a long term scholarship to Europe from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts where he was studying. It was much more difficult to win a scholarship in those days than it is now. At that time only one student received the honor each year, and he was permitted to remain in Europe for three years if his work showed improvement enough to warrant the extension of time. Of the little group of American students residing in Paris when Laessle was there many have since achieved eminence. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Garber, Mr. and Mrs. George Ober-teuffer, and Maurice Molarsky were of the number. It may be imagined what a fruitful life was led by these young and ambitious artists, living in a beautiful foreign city, and meeting in the evenings to discuss their enthusiasms and plans for the future.

It was in 1905, while Laessle was in Europe, that he married Mary Middleton, to whom he had become engaged while they were both students in Mr. Grafly's class in Philadelphia. Miss Middleton was herself a talented student and much of the sculptor's later success is due, no doubt, to her encouragement and sympathy.

"Though I joined no school," said Laessle of his life in Paris, "I studied the works of the masters with the greatest enthusiasm. Houdon, Dalou, Carpeaux, Frémiet, Chapu—in fact, all of them—" the sculptor was brought to a halt by the impossibility of



"THE BLUE-EYED LIZARD"

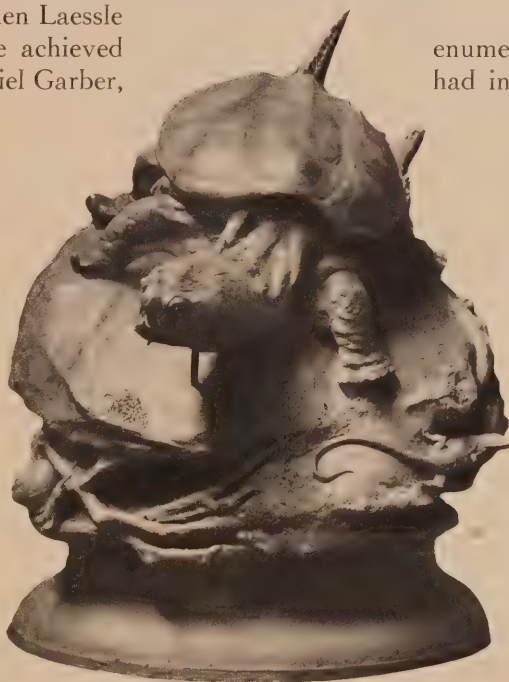
BY ALBERT LAESSLE

enumerating the men whose work had inspired him.

"With what work of your own were you occupied?" I asked.

The sculptor smiled. "I had become so much interested in the type of subject upon which I had chanced," he replied, "that I took care not to depart from it entirely. I had no difficulty in obtaining turtles in Paris. At that time many families had turtles which were imported from Algiers and kept in the cellars to eat insects. Our *concierge* lent me his turtle, and I made a careful study which I

sent to the *Salon* under the name 'Turning Turtle.' There my Philadelphia experience was repeated. Because of the peculiarity of the subject, and the accuracy of the craftsmanship, the jury refused to believe that it was modeled. M. Béguine, from whom I had afterwards some criticisms on my work, told me of the jury's opinion that it had been cast. On our return to America we brought this bronze with us,



"TURTLE WITH LIZARDS"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE

"TURNING TURTLE"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE





"TURKEY"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE

and it is now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum in New York."

After his return from France, with a home in

of an emperor may, as in *Chanticleer*, be paraphrased in the barnyard. It is in this whimsical vein that Laessle often treats his subjects. The names

suburban Germantown, and summers spent in the country, Laessle had no lack of models. Honors began to come in. Beside the Stewardson prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which he had received in 1904, he was awarded a bronze medal at Buenos Aires in 1910, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts' fellowship prize in 1915, a gold medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, the first sculpture prize at the Americanization Through Art exhibition in Philadelphia in 1916, the George D. Widener memorial gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1918, an honorable mention for sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1920, and the fellowship gold medal in Philadelphia in 1923.

In spite of these successes, Laessle remains a modest, quiet man who enjoys above all things a long walk in the country with his two sons. Everything in nature is of interest to him—be it a frog, a newly hatched chick, or the conflict between two stag beetles. He sees the drama of life in these things. The ambition

"FROG AND KATYDID"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE



which he gives his bronzes are full of significance. Thus, two little pigs racing for apples are "Greed," the tense eagle is "Victory," while the poor plucked chick is, inevitably, "The Outcast."

"Do you never have trouble in getting your animals to pose?" he was asked.

"I have a great deal of success in handling animals," replied the sculptor. "Perhaps it is because of my sympathy for them, and because I treat them kindly. The things that some of them have done for me seem almost incredible. I have had many interesting experiences with my 'models.' When I was modeling the turkey I wanted him to strut. However, the atmosphere of the studio seemed to depress him; with drooping head and tail he was anything but an inspiring subject. My studio at that time overlooked a yard in which there a number of chickens, ducks, pigeons and peacocks. The thought occurred to me that the turkey might be pleased if he could get a glimpse of these feathered connections. I placed him on the deep window sill and

drew back the curtains which had concealed the yard. The moment he caught sight of the other birds his pride returned, and, spreading his tail, he began to strut in lordly fashion. He would strut for hours in a manner calculated to impress the fowl below, and when I wanted him to stop I had only to pull the curtains together again.

"A cock which I modeled always crowed three times when I drew back the curtain and afforded him a view of his fellows."

"No doubt they would have strutted and crowed the more had they known that their likenesses were destined for the permanent collections of the Philadelphia Art Club and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts as 'The Bronze Turkey' and 'Chanticleer,'" I suggested.

"Of course I am not unfailingly successful in the management of animals," Laessle continued. "I had once a squirrel that I could not handle. When I first saw him I suspected that he might bite, and I took great care, as I thought. First I rubbed him gently with a stick. He took that very well, so I put on a thick glove and stroked

him. Contrary to my expectation he seemed very tame. It was possible even to pick him up and feel the construction of the muscles under his fur. I decided that I could work, and, holding him with one hand, I turned to pick up my tools with the other. The moment I took my eyes from him he bit me, and there was no mistake about his knowing how to bite! It seemed as though he had been saving his strength during our whole interview in order to give me the benefit of it all at once."

Mr. Laessle enjoys talking about the creatures that have posed for him, and many are the stories he can tell about the eagle that inspired his "Victory," now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York; the baby calf which he saw rise for the first time, giving him the idea for his statue, "The First Effort;" the newly hatched chick whose statuette is now owned by the Concord Art Association under the name, "The First Step;" the bird whose grace suggested the "Heron



"DRAKE FOUNTAIN"

BY ALBERT LAESSLE

and Fish" at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh; the little reptile which, as the "Blue-Eyed Lizard," forms one of the group of Laessle's works owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; and the "Penguins" now owned by the Fairmount Park Association in Philadelphia. The tradition left by the young goat which posed for "Billy" is all too rich in incident! But the sculptor's family and neighbors admit that they would undergo Billy's ravages again for the pleasure which they now derive from seeing him, safely tethered, and in the sobriety of bronze, in one of Philadelphia's most beautiful breathing spaces—Rittenhouse Square. The children who frequent this square can never forego a ride on his back, and the little hands clasping his horns have entirely rubbed the patina from the bronze, so that the points appear to be tipped with gold.

Laessle has always been interested in the work of students, and he really enjoys teaching. Since 1921 he has been the instructor of a class in sculpture at the Chester Springs summer school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

THE MATERIALISM of the century is realizing its soul in its own symbols of eternity—stone and steel. Architecture is being re-created in a new form, a form typical of its age, elemental in its beauty and definite in its use. The utilitarianism of industrial civilization is giving the lie to the pessimism which predicted the death of esthetic creativeness. The growth of huge cities is fathering a titanic beauty which has no ancestry in the past and gives promise of a splendid and striking future. Science and industry have provided new material; necessity has wedded the profession of the engineer to the art of the architect; steel girders have proven their fitness to uphold incredible burdens and architects have begun to demonstrate their strength. The skyscraper has become commonplace, but the architecture of the skyscraper is just being developed.

Seven years ago New York City formulated a building code. It was designed to limit and restrict construction in the city in order to prevent overshadowed streets and unmanageable crowds and the chaos of building forms which already characterized much of Manhattan. Few more inspired documents have ever become law. The Zoning Law, as it is called, bids fair to provide the greatest impetus to the new architecture which it has ever had. For the law was eminently practical, and practicality, as is ever more evident, is to be the source and root of whatever great art the Age of Machines will produce.

The strict utilitarianism of modern engineering has proved a new impetus and achieved a new beauty

John W. VANDERGROOK

Architecture has always been an association of beauty and use. It works with clear purpose, and the Zoning Law restricts form in accord with purpose. Concisely, a building may

rise straight up from the street line to an elevation governed by the width of the street upon which it faces. From that point upwards it must keep within a line drawn from the centre of the street through the top of the wall. In other words, a triangle is formed in which one half the street width is the base, a wall proportioned to the total width of the street, the side, and the extended hypotenuse the limit of any further elevations which may be imposed upon the main mass. A cube-like edifice topped by a pyramid would be a literal application of the law. But that, of course,

would be impracticable. The procedure has been to resort to piled up diminishing cubes topped, through a clause in the law which allows unlimited height to anything with an area not exceeding twenty-five per cent. of the total area occupied by the building, by a tower regulated by the proportions of the structure.

The city is divided into five zones of varying height allowance. In the Wall street district where the streets are especially narrow a building may rise two and one-half times the street width before it begins its backward start, while in the residential sections the height of a structure cannot exceed the exact street width. Other zones vary between those limits. The Zoning Law deals only with

THE SHELTON HOTEL ARTHUR LOOMIS HARMON, ARCHITECT
Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



the geometric volume of a building. But it is through form, through a simplification of volume, that the leaders of the modern architectural movement insist the new architecture will realize itself.

Le Corbusier-Saugnier in his *Vers une Architec-*

Such buildings as the Shelton Hotel, the new Standard Oil Building, the Allerton House for Men and the huge Fisk Building, all in New York, give promise of this great architecture of tomorrow. The traditional past of architecture has little



PROPOSED "BROADWAY TEMPLE" COMBINING CHURCH AND APARTMENT HOUSE

ture, says: "Les formes primaires sont les belles formes parce qu'elles se lisent clairement. Les architectes d'aujourd'hui ne réalisent plus les formes simples. Opérant par le calcul, les ingénieurs pratiquent les formes géométriques, satisfaisant nos yeux par la géométrie et notre esprit par la mathématique; leurs œuvres s'approchent du grand art."

of value to give to the present. It is antithetical in purpose, in essence, and in mood. Gothic architecture was designed to give an intensified impression of height. It was wholly spiritual in significance. The skyscrapers of modern cities must avoid exaggeration of ascending perspective lest foreshortening give an appearance of absurdity to

the already extreme height. They are entirely material in meaning. Gothic architecture grew increasingly flamboyant as its popularity increased. Surfaces were broken, elaborated, confused. Later baroque and rococo fashions, and finally the fear-

which is the direct forebear of current theory and practice in architecture. Under imperial inspiration and encouragement the architects of Germany set about being "modern." They rejected everything which antedated them and gave them-



THE LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD, NOW BEING ERECTED AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

ful knickknackery of the nineteenth century made surface and the fanciful treatment of surface the one enthusiasm. Then an architecture arose which dealt first, last and always with volume.

The new movement in architecture dates back, at the most, not more than sixty years. It has only emerged from the obscurity of abstract speculation during the past twenty-five. In Germany some two generations ago there arose a movement

which set up to a studied orgy of planes, masses and geometrical precisions of the most brusque and vivid sort. With native Teutonic thoroughness they applied their principles to everything from grain elevators and railroad stations to dog kennels and villas. In the latter instances the results were appallingly awful for they were inappropriate and impractical and therefore an absolute negation of the fundamental principles for which they

strove. However, in the larger instances the success of the movement was definite and sure. There were created images of a new and splendid vitality which will color the art of architecture for many years to come. Soon Norway, Sweden and Denmark, always quick to catch inspiration from Germany and still more rapid in surpassing Germany in skill and imagination of application, adopted the successful rudiments of the new art and carried it on.

They learned judgment in selecting subjects naturally adapted to the cubic form and they found that building in mass did not mean lack of delicacy. Austria and Finland were contemporary and no less able in acceptance of the new ideas.

Then Louis Henri Sullivan, recently deceased, of Chicago, became splendidly imbued with the new teaching but failed to win an appreciable number of others to the belief. It was his theory that the steel frame which was to be the basic actuality of the buildings of the future must be admitted, utilized artistically and enthused over, not feebly hidden beneath archaic surfacings. His views were enthusiastically accepted and incorporated by the European modernists, but never found real favor at the time of their origin among Sullivan's fellow-countrymen. Then came the Chicago World's Fair—bringing to this country a vast architectural orgy of abject traditionalism. It retarded the new movement for years. It formed national taste and retarded the national progression in architecture. But there followed an even stronger forward force to counteract that vicious dead-weight.

The new force was necessity. Chicago grew. It grew out with astounding rapidity, but it also grew up. Its central districts became congested and the demand for ground space enormously exceeded the supply. There was need for sky-

scrapers—and they were needed in a hurry. There was no time for decoration and no need for it. So with the other fast growing cities of the plains. Industrial buildings, factories, grain elevators, etc., supplied their own essential forms. Architects did what they were told, to fill an entirely practical demand, and they were somewhat astounded to find that what they had made was beautiful. The abrupt and massive fashion of the industrial

buildings was soon discovered to lend itself effectively to office buildings and the huge new structures which city life necessitated. And although the beginnings of this school of architecture were crude, in Europe there are now a few incontestably lovely buildings in the new manner; in Chicago, in Kansas City and in Omaha there are a few others, and in New York there are still more. The Zoning Law is the impetus in the latter city. "Modernism" as an architectural school has been graduated through legal compulsion from the status of a fashion susceptible of choice to a necessity.

Such men as Arthur Loomis Harmon,

creator of the Shelton Hotel, the firms of Severance and Van Allen, Starrett and Van Vleck, and Murgatroyd and Ogden, have incorporated the essentials of the modern architecture into their work, have adjusted it to the requirements of the Zoning Law and have achieved a few thoroughly fine buildings. The Shelton is undoubtedly the best.

The New York of tomorrow gives promise of being a mighty city of terraced stone. It will be vast in height but its streets will no longer be canyons. The terraces left by each step will certainly be utilized. New York will be a city of hanging gardens surpassing Babylon in beauty and number. Its famed sky-line will take on a new order and a new loveliness.



STANDARD OIL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. CARRERE AND HASTINGS, SHREVE, LAMB AND BLAKE, ARCHITECTS

THE STORY OF MY BRASSES

THE DAY nears its close and I am sitting by the fire, in my Virginia home, watching the flames play. Outside, flurries of snow and brown leaves, intermingled, go by the window on their way to the fence corners, while the wind roars in the naked trees. The flames leap higher. One, whipping away from the oak logs, licks the face of the mantel with a fiery tongue, scarcely missing the bare foot of Buddha, on the mantel shelf. I follow the movement upward and catch the fat rascal grinning at me. It is just the look he gave me that night at Hulan-fu, long ago.

"No, no, mein fr'endt," the old German cried out, and his voice broke against the un pitying walls of the mud hut, "I care nod-dings vat you say. Chermany vill vin, she musdt vin!" He beat the table between us with his iron-shod stick so vehemently that the rice brandy danced in the tumblers. "Ledt Amerika kom in, ledt de whole dam' world kom in; she vins shust de same. I bedt you anyt'ings." And he muttered a

phrase, thick and guttural, into the bottom of his glass. It was then that I caught the brass god grinning at us from his niche in the corner.

"But if she don't vin," I said, mocking him a little, "you give me that."

Two years went by, and the war with them, and one night a Chinese soldier with frostbitten cheeks came to my door. He handed in a parcel—so heavy and bound around with jute sacks that, coupled with his secretive manner, it suggested a human head—and went away. Unwrapped, it proved to be the brass Buddha of Hulan-fu.

I see the brass god's leer has changed to full laughter, and I don't like him any more. He is so gross and hearty, so full-fed and sensual, his earlobes fallen upon his shoulders, his great paunch

China, Arabia, India and Mongolia have contributed to this tale of collecting and adventure told by

CHARLES K. MOSER

seeming to shake with his mirth. Of course I know he is no true Buddha—though the foreigners call him so—but, as the incarnation of an attribute, the God of Good Living. And when I consider, in the light of that, what he saw at Hulan-fu I don't wonder that he laughs.

My ugly Buddha is no art treasure. He is interesting for what he recalls to me. Better brasses than he I gathered in the Yemen, on a caravan trip I made in 1910 from the Red Sea to Sanaa, that ancient capital of Arabia Felix, older

than Damascus, with Dr. George Richardson, the British vice-consul at Hodeidah. It is seven days by camel train from the coast to Sanaa, high up in the Yemen mountains, and not forty white men have made the trip—or had at that time—in two thousand years. Wild Bedouins, with fanatic eyes and terrible, hooked knives in their hands, guard the way every step. We had an armed escort of Arab camel cavalry and a battalion of Turkish infantry to make sure that we



"THE INCENSE BURNER LIKE THE . . . COLUMN OF A YEMEN MINARET"

should not have our throats cut in our sleep. It was at Bohah, thorn huts and a well in the desert waste, that I picked up an incense burner that, like the Sultan's turret, strikes the eye "with a shaft of light." Our caravan halted for the night at an inn of millet stalks thatched on bamboo and guarded by a fence of thorns. Inside the caravansary goats, chickens, loaded asses, camel drivers and Turkish soldiers shrieked and jostled each other in the business of getting something to eat. We were given *charpoys*, or native beds under a thatch of four poles in the center of the inn yard, and Abdullah set about making tea. Then a mat curtain was pushed aside from a doorway and our landlady stepped into view. Bedlam ceased, as if at a given signal. Even the goats seemed to stop

their bawling. I looked around and saw all eyes fixed upon her.

She was a young Arab woman, unveiled and buxom, the handsomest, most imperious of her race I ever saw. With a fling of her arm she sent one manservant scurrying here, another there, while she favored us with a loud, "Salaam, Effendis," that was far more perfunctory than deferential. There were no signs of gallantry nor respect noticeable among the Turkish soldiers that stared her hard—for none is given to Moslem women in the East, especially to one unveiled—but it was plain that she filled the eye of every man there.

"Take your carcass out of here, if you must feed it," she cried to one inoffensive looking traveler who had pulled his laden ass down beside him and was eating his supper out of its pannier. "Begone!" And when he failed to move swiftly enough she beat him with her hands. The soldiers laughed, almost to bursting, as she chased him through the gate. Even Abdullah, my half-Hindu, half-Arab servant, dry and dignified, managed a smile, and the captain of our Turkish guard seized upon the incident to inject himself into our company.

"She's a handsome devil," he informed us, pluming his upturned mustaches the while, "but a devil."

The stillness of midnight had fallen upon the caravansary when bedlam broke out again. We sprang from a deep sleep feeling for our guns. Could it be another raid of the scoundrelly and murderous Dar Beni Achmed? There were the screams of women, men shouting and sounds of lusty blows, movements of excited cattle and torches flaming in the inn yard. "By the Prophet's beard," swore Hassan bin Saadi, Richardson's *kavass*, "are we fleas that we can be disturbed by these sons of goats?" And he sprang for the landlady's door, from whence seemed to issue the most clamor, followed by Richardson and me. But we had no need of weapons. A couple of Turkish infantrymen who had, perhaps, drunk too much soured mare's milk, had wandered into the lady's apartment and were paying for their mistake. An old woman screeched on the floor, clawing at their ankles, and a foolish old man was humped down beside a smoking incense pot moaning his prayers. But the *busany* herself was beating away at the soldiers with a stout bamboo stick as they vainly tried to embrace her. Of course we broke up the game and the officer, coming in behind us, amid the jeering "ho, ho's," of the Arabs, booted his fuddled gallants out of the room.

But the old man's incense pot had attracted

me more than the brawl, and after the tumult and the shouting died Richardson and I invaded the sanctum again. "Little jasmine flower," said Richardson, who knows every language, "my friend is pleased with that old incense pot of thine, and though it is of no value, he would exchange with thee a luckpiece for it. Wilt thou exchange with him?" Flowery is the language and compliments the currency of the East, but here was one not to be ravished with flowers.

"What will he give?" she demanded harshly. I looked again at the incense burner and was enchanted with it. The body was of pure Arab design—the tall and shapely column of a Yemen minaret—soldered to a base of Persian workmanship, "all wreathed in fruits and flowers." Quickly I decided to overwhelm her, and slipped to Richardson the utmost that I would be willing to give.

"He will give thee this golden token from the hand of the Sultan himself," and he displayed in his hand a small, gold coin, the Turkish half-lira, worth about \$2.20. For answer she cackled like a hen, and picking up the pot she slammed it into a corner, the old man whining his protests. After which she held the mat curtain aside for us to pass out. "We offered her too much," Richardson mumbled when we were back on the charpoys. "In the morning she'll reopen negotiations."

She did not. We waited until it was time to ride, and she had made no sign. Then, just as I had lost hope, her silly old father crept up to Richardson's side and furtively slipped the pot from the folds of his dirty *musbaddab*. As furtively he crawled away again, the gold piece with him, and I thought he had let himself in for something. Instead, as we were leaving the inn yard, out came the little jasmine flower as gay as a dancing girl. She kissed our hands, she kissed our knees, she kisses our feet. Then, still waving hands to our cavalcade, she ran back, inside. O, wiles of the daughters of Eve! Yet as I look at the incense burner now, the scene that it recalls for me holds nothing but charm. Belting its rounded tower, in richly decorative characters, runs an Arabic inscription, "Peace be in the house that holds me, and unto the owner thereof the blessing of Allah through life." So may it be.

Our caravan had passed Suk-el-Khamiss, a fortress 12,000 feet above the sea and not far from Sanaa, and I was listening to the goatherds' pipes when, through the doorway of a stone hut beside the road I saw a coffee ewer. It was on the earthen floor, beside a charcoal fire, and it was smeared with grease and ashes, but no smear of filth could hide the beauty of its lines.

"God's blessing, mother of strong sons," I hailed the old woman that was roasting *dburra* cakes on the coals. "What hast thou, besides this trash, that thou couldst sell me with thy blessing?" and I picked the treasure up. Its copper bottom, through old age and bad soldering, was falling out. It had never been there when the ewer was made, nor had several bottoms before it. Abdullah spoke with sincerity, "It is worthless, Sahib," but the old woman was of a different mind. She took it away from me and put it behind her.

"The Effendi knows we can not sell this," she said, "for luck would leave the house, and how should I brew *kisbar*? It has been in this house longer than I." Then pride overcame her and she took a portion of the betal and *chunam* or lime she was chewing and rubbed it into the surface with a fold of her woolen skirt. "Look," she cried. The rubbed spot shone like gold.

I bought it for half a *medjidie*, or about forty cents, and that night at the house of Tali Bey, in Sanaa, I polished it up myself until its whole form shone like gold. It had none of the hard lustre of burnished brass, but a golden patina, as soft and fine as satin. The slender tapered neck, the swell of the round body, the cap, like a Byzantine cupola, the curve of handle and spout, all were in harmony. The sense of line and the skilled hand of a master craftsman had given it form, but only the kindly hands of those who had tended it for daily use, through lifetimes, could have produced its exquisite refinement. But from whence did it come? Certainly no Arab could have produced those lines, and the Turks have no art sense. It was not possibly either Indian, or Persian, or Chinese, or from Turkestan. Could it be Egyptian, or Assyrian? We took it to Caprotti, Signor Caprotti, a Gargantua of a man, *bon vivant* and connoisseur, a Roman emperor among the Europeans of the Yemen. He has lived in Sanaa forty years, the only European there, and is famed for his knowledge of all that pertains to the East. He thought it looked Italian, probably an Arabic copy of an early Venetian wine pitcher, not unlikely from the fact that Venetian mariners centuries ago were accustomed to trade the wares of Venice and Florence for incense, coffee and ostrich feathers along the Yemen coasts. The coins of ancient Rome and the Tuscan cities are still found there. But the magnificent Roman wouldn't commit himself, beyond the fact that it was *tres joli*. I have had it around the world with me, in many lands, and picked up other pieces richer of design, of finer workmanship or more interesting associations; but the coffee ewer of the Yemen mountain village has always re-

mained, for me, the most perfect of my brasses. I call it the Lady of Suk-el-Khamiss.

And then in Constantinople I came across my treasure in literally thousands of counterparts. They were in every coffee shop, the commonest form to be seen. But all were new or had been ill-cared for, and none had the perfect proportions nor the golden skin of mine. I believe, myself, that my prize is of pure Turkish origin and an accident of beauty, its form suggested by that of the slender minaret arising from the rounded nave of the Turkish mosque, its symmetry, like human character, perfected by the fateful hands it has passed through.

There was, in the city of Rauda, a famous sheikh of the Yemen, Bunney Pasha, a sort of perpetual rebel who was for the time—he frequently escaped—a house prisoner of the Turks. We thought it would be interesting to visit him, and, after a mad gallop of ten miles, trying to keep up with our dashing Arab escort, we found him at prayers with the noted descendant of the Prophet, Said Ahmed ed Din, Imam of Sanaa, and the Sheikh Mohammed bin Ali of Neem. We had tiffin of curried goat, a great dish of scrambled eggs into which everyone dipped his fingers, *pillaf* of almonds and raisins mixed with rice, and coffee, black, hot, thick and bitter-sweet, in cups of a dark green glaze from Jeddah. And then servants placed before us on the carpet tall water pipes of silver and brass and ebony which they lighted with coals and we smoked. Conversation drowsed, and so did our host. I wandered around the apartment taking in the carved sandalwood doors the great, beaten copper stove with its glowing charcoal, the splendid brasses scattered about without any eye for arrangement. A tall old candlestick with the top broken off attracted me, and I studied the pictures engraved around its base. There was Shiva giving audience to a beseeching man on her right and to a weeping woman, doubtless his childless wife, on her left. There was a huntsman going at full gallop, a falcon on his wrist and his left arm drawn back to hurl a spear. The third was a warrior, in full armor, upon an armored elephant. They were wonderfully done, in black enamel and antimony, full of the spirit of medieval India.

"You like that?" croaked a voice. I looked around to find the fierce eye of Bunney Pasha burning like a coal in the sombre distance of the room. I said that I did, and the old sheikh continued the long-drawn, guttering pulls of acrid smoke from his waterpipe without another word. But when we were mounting for the homeward ride I found the candlestick in my saddlebags.

Caprotti pronounced it, "*une pièce superbe*," and at least 1,500 years old. But in the Louvre, once, I saw two similar pieces and, if my memory doesn't play me a foolish trick, they were designated as Persian candlesticks of the thirteenth century. What puzzles me is, if they are Persian and after the period of Persia's conquest by Islam, how to account for that picture of India's Shiva on the base! Or is mine a wily Mohammedan reproduction of an Indian original? I don't know. And in Sanaa I secured another fine piece, perhaps the most perfect of my collection, a wine, or water, jug of great weight and artistic merit which Caprotti pronounced also "*superbe*," and Persian. But its form is so unmistakably symbolic of the sacred bull of the Hindus that I can not regard it as anything else than one of the looted vessels from an Indian temple, probably Jeypore, as the workmanship seems to indicate. Or does it antedate Mohammedanism in Persia? How, then, did it get into Mohammedan hands and find its way across deserts, to be dropped in the crannies of the Yemen mountains? Immediately one begins to think of the conquests of Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane, of the sack of the temples of Ajmir by the Mogul emperors, of Shah Jehan and Akbar the Great, and of all the repeated waves of Mohammedan invasion which swept India and Persia from the seventh to the fourteenth centuries. Almost invariably these waves, receding, turned to the right into Turkestan or flowed back to the Prophet's own land of Arabia. And they carried with them the loot of temples and tombs, of princely Indian palaces, which, like the debris thrown up by the backwash from some passing vessel on obscure beaches, was left in the village taverns or the hands of dancing girls as the invaders went their homeward way.

Ceylon is as beautiful as one of its own moonstones set in a circle of sapphires. All the world has heard of the beauty of Kandy, and of its Temple of the Tooth, of Buddha, of course. It is in my mind that I have a lamp from that temple, though one can never be sure in the circumstances. A priest showed us through the temple, a learned man in yellow robe and with shaven head who said a prayer every time he unrolled one of the sacred books in Pali script. I admired, more, a lamp that dimly illuminated one of the galleries, its nine mouths sucking wicks laid in coconut oil.

"Could one obtain a lamp like that?" I inquired, with no ill designs. But the priest misunderstood me.

"No, my lord," he answered gently. "It would be a desecration."

The roof of the temple, its eaves and cornices, all the exposed surfaces, were covered with a very special kind of a tile, a lion on the one side and a swan upon the other, symbolic of its guardians. I wanted one of the tiles to set in my own hearthside, as a guardian symbol, but the answer was the same.



THE CANDLESICK OF BUNNEY PASHA

"It is a pity," I said. "There are so many, and some have been broken already. If it were not a desecration I would give two rupees for one." We made our contribution to the temple, the priest himself gently declining any honorarium, and had gone our way perhaps a hundred yards when I heard a shout behind. A brown boy, naked except for his loin cloth, came running after us with something wrapped in soft paper. He put it in my hands and I gave him two rupees, feeling beneath the paper that it was the tile. A few days later two men came to my office, in Colombo, with the lamp I have now. It looked exactly like the temple lamp in Kandy, but you know now as much as I do about it.

What I wanted most of India in the way of brasses was a good specimen of the *chatty*, one of those inevitable brass jars which the women carry on their heads, or hips, filled with water, grain, rice, anything that can be carried in a jar. I had a *chatty*, filched from a riverman in Ceylon, while he was bathing his three boys, but it was squat in

form and not at all distinguished. It emanated no suggestion of the life of its users, which any old brass must do to have a meaning. I wanted a *chatty* with such riches of suggestion that every time I saw it I should *smell* India, and see the

ing for lentils. In the brass pot on her hip I recognized the *chatty* of my dreams. Smooth and shaped as an onion, it had but three circlets of design cut in it, around the base, around the bowl, and around the neck, like a lace collar. Politely,



"I HAD A 'CHATTY' FILCHED FROM A RIVERMAN IN CEYLON"

Indian family as it sat around its evening meal, or the sower in the field, dipping his hand in and distributing a part of each handful to the birds before he flung the seed. It was hard to find. There was none in the shops, though you would find many, flamboyant and handsome beyond all question, but as cold as mummies, indicating that they had long ago been withdrawn from circulation among humankind and all their associations wiped off with the polishing rag. One morning at Agra I went to view the Taj Mahal by sunrise, from across the Jumma, to get the effect of its white beauty among the clouds as reflected in the blue waters of the river. Entranced by its loveliness I dreamed away the whole morning there and walked back through the intense heat of Agra's bazaar. Nowhere do you get such a stream of colorful humanity, such variable and contrasting bits of a life that seems as if it must have flowed down to you from the pages of some medieval picture book. Robed priests and naked children, innocent of face as the flowers; gentle, dun cows milked before the doors, by women that might have been the mothers of St. John and of James and Jude; great, bronzed Sikhs with scimitars on their thighs and Afghans, their fierce, magnificent features, the handsomest men in the world, under enormous turbans.

At a little grain stall a woman stood, bargain-

almost with deference to the woman who possessed it, I took it in my hands. In reality it was but an ordinary brass, made in the bazaar, its design cut in with a cold chisel. But the artisan must have been in a very happy mood when he did it, there was something so intimate, yet reserved and tender, in the simple lines starred with tiny flowers. Perhaps he had made it for his young bride, who had just given him their firstborn son. And since then they had used it every day, for so many things—over a fire, boiling water and mixing gruel, steaming their curry and chicken in hot butter—until it spoke eloquently of their habits and happiness.

"If the pot is thine, little brown bird, I will buy it of thee."

"Nay, Sahib, why should thy servant sell? It is a good pot, as the Sahib can see for himself."

"It is old, foolish one, and fire-scarred until there is little metal left. Soon there will be a hole, and thou wilt have to throw it away. But as it hath a pleasing beauty I will give thee a rupee for it."

"Nay, Sahib, what could thy servant do with a rupee? For we should be without a pot, and the money not enough for a new one."

"Thou hast spoken wisely, little wren, and I see that I must give thee the money for a new one."

The woman was pleased. She perked her head to one side, like the little bird I had called her, and put out her hand. And then she hesitated, as if a little frightened at her own daring, a look of anxiety in her brown eyes. "Wait, Sahib," she fluttered, "until I ask my husband." She sped down the street, and came back with a man. The moment I saw him I had a premonition that I had lost the pot. He took it from me and heard me out, not looking at me, then shook his head. I could see that he was both uncivil and avaricious. I tried again, in my lame Hindustani, painting the excellences of a new pot, but still he shook his head. "Why does not the Sahib buy a new one for himself?" A crowd began to gather and to enjoy this contest between a coolie lout and a Burra Sahib. It became embarrassing as the crowd laughed.

"Very well," I said. "All can see that thou art a fool, but since the pot pleases me I will let thee gouge me. Three rupees, eight annas, I will give thee, and if that is not enough thou canst go to Jehannum."

"Sahib," he spoke with immense dignity, while the crowd gaped. "If the pot is worth so much to thee, then so much must it be worth to me." And he walked off with it.

I never saw another like it. A small one, a gem, made in Sultanpur—where the houses cling like wasps' nests to the precipitous slopes of the Himalayas—was given me by a friend in the Kalu Valley, but it had a little of the arrogance of the mountain people in its conscious beauty and was not characteristic of the simple Indian folk life. At last I met a water carrier, in Bombay's streets, one evening, carrying home his supper in a big-bellied pot, as round and merry as a Tamil money-lender, and it stands on my tabouret.

Tibetan brasses are interesting and handsome, which removes them about as far as possible from the people who produce them. A characteristic, which they share with the brasses of Mongolia, is that the body is usually made of copper while the handles, spouts and trimmings generally are of elaborately graven brass. They are rarely come upon, except in museums, outside of Tibet itself or in countries immediately adjacent. An encounter with a camp of wandering Tibetans is always something of an ordeal for the European travelers, unless he be well armed or his party a large one. They are coarse and ribald, and their hatred of foreigners impels them to heap upon one every form of offense, even where no actual violence is threatened. In physical appearance, habits of life and equipment, they so resemble some of our Indian tribes as to be almost startling

to an American. We ran into Tibetan camps all the way from Palampur to the Rhotang Pass, which divides the northern Punjab from Lahoul, or British Tibet. They were coming down from their tremendous mountains to winter in the



"A BIG-BELLIED POT AS ROUND AND MERRY AS A TAMIL MONEYLENDER"

valleys of India, and a more disgusting lot would be hard to find. There would be nearly always a carefree young woman in the lead, surrounded by a knot of smirking men, her husbands, and strung out behind a long line of their maturer wives, carrying tepee poles, iron pots, babies, blankets, the whole camp equipment. But one learned not to be sorry for these old squaws. They would camp flat in the middle of the trail, guarded by immense, savage dogs, and the traveler was left with no choice but to go around them, to the accompaniment of their obscene laughter. Left to themselves ordinarily the men and dogs would give little trouble but encouraged by the women they become really dangerous. Near the famous old temple of Doongri, set in its grove of majestic deodars, I came upon a group of Tibetan women squatted around a fire, drinking their decoction of brick tea from a copper pot with a brass dome and handsomely carved spout. As I approached, a huge dog, in an almost unnatural frenzy, rushed at me and the women egged him on. I was obliged to threaten both him and them with my gun several times before they made him desist and I think it was the gun which helped more than

my rupees in eventually adding that pot to my trophies.

Beyond the Rhotang Pass, with peaks all around us standing above 20,000 feet, we stopped one night at a monastery lying upon the face of

from unexpected places, and it is the surprise that thrills. One bitter November a party of us went into Mongolia on a shooting trip. We left the railroad at Khailar and rode forty miles on ponies across the barrens looking for geese, antelope,



"WE FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE MIDST OF A MONGOL CAMP"

the mountain like a sculptured eyebrow. Nuns and monks from their separate cloisters poured out to meet us like a flock of curious children, their copper prayer wheels, each enclosing hundreds of written prayers, whirling in their hands. Not very clean, nor beautiful, but a gentle folk, they nearly overwhelmed us with the spirit of their hospitality. Their abbot, a benevolent looking old lama, helped spread our beds on the stone floors and showed us with pride the relics of the monastery. He was the most interesting relic himself. Suspended from a greasy cord around his neck he wore at the waist a copper box, not unlike a coffin in shape, engraved with a talismanic character and containing several round, fire-hardened and stamped lozenges, about the size of a dollar. They were the mortal remains of departed lamas, his friends, whose presence upon his person were expected to endow him with their virtues. We remained at the monastery several days, and such was the old abbot's sense of hospitality and friendship that when we parted he bestowed the box upon me together with its contents. I have no doubt that he could get more yet I prize the thing mightily.

One of the joys of the amateur collector, who is not purely a collector, is that he most frequently meets with his finest trophies when he is not looking for them. They peep at him, like wary game,

swans, bustard, anything. At nightfall an icy, pitiless wind from the Gobi desert, driving sand and snowflakes like handfuls of small shot before it, compelled us to pitch camp beside a frozen pool. It must have been twenty degrees below zero, there was no water except what had been unspeakably fouled by herds of cattle, and we could not get a fire started. I was never so unhappy. Towards morning the tent flap was thrown back as if by a screaming blast of wind, but the aperture was filled with a dark shape smelling of sheepskins and smoke.

"*Min doo!*" shouted a voice above the wind, and Bo-Lan-Tu, chief of a wandering Mongol clan, squatted himself beside our blankets. We returned his welcome not so heartily, a full-grown Mongolian in his winter garments being somewhat less like a bed of violets than a herd of goats.

"Give me something to eat," he said next, taking his pipe from his mouth and hospitably passing it around. Stewart opened a can of strawberry jam and tossed it before him. He scooped out the contents with gusto, like a bear devouring a nest of ants. "Tea," he grunted, then pitched upon an empty bottle lying at the foot of a pile of blankets. "Vodka! Give plenty."

"No water, no tea," we told him, shivering in the candlelight. "Vodka, all finished." Outside began the sound of sheepbells and bawling calves,

as the Mongol's herds searched for water under the ice. The chief appeared to understand our needs. "Gurgh," he grunted cheerily, moving off, and waved his pipe in invitation. We followed him, to find ourselves shortly in the midst of a Mongol camp and objects of the greatest imaginable curiosity to the women. Bo-Lan-Tu seated us on ponyskins in a round, muffin-like house, or tent, made of horse hides stretched over a bamboo fretwork, and his women made us a hot stew of goatflesh, which we ate with pinched nostrils. And then they served us tea out of a pot that I saw could not have been the work of nomads. It was of beaten copper, superbly finished as to bands, handle, spout and neckruff with carved brass.

"Lord of the sheeplands," I spoke through Stewart, "from whence came to thee that beautiful teapot, which fills the eye with pleasure, and what wouldst thou ask of me in exchange for it?" The cattle baron was pleased with my praise of anything his, but in no mood to part with it.

"Fill it with vodka, lord of the English" (thanks, O chieftain, for the double-handed compliment!), he replied with a surprising elegance of manner, "and I will give thee one of my wives, or a wife of my young daughters, according to thy choice. Nay, thou shalt have two wives! But the teapot was from a holy man, far from here more than thirty marches, beyond Urga, who for some small service gave it with his blessing. We can not part with it."

There was more talk, the women doing their part in laughter and sly glances, but the host was obdurate. When the cold sun came up he led us through the marshes in search of game, and, as the cold grew, vodka being found in unsuspected quarters of our saddlebags, he waxed both generous and hilarious until he fell off his horse. Friendship was strong within him, until he was ready to give us anything he had. "And thou shalt have the pot, I swear it," were his last words.

He was sitting up when we came back again in the last sunrays sobered and doubtless repentant. We should not have reminded him, but he led us back to camp and told the women, as shamefacedly as any American husband after a night at the club. I think he might have backed out, then, but his wives and his daughters, the old women and the young men laughed at him until he placed the coveted piece in my hands. Nor would he take it back, though we urged it. So we left vodka and strawberry jam enough to give the whole camp one good stomachache, and rode away with shouts of "*Min doo!*" ringing in our ears. I hope the blessings of the holy man from beyond Urga still rest upon the clan.

Such are but a few of the scenes into which my brasses lead me, as I look at them now, in the quiet of my Virginia home. And I like to think that each one of them, apart from the interest of associations which it has for me, is possessed of a charm for other eyes than mine as a form of beauty, or as an expression of time and feeling.

"THE GLEAMS ARE FROM MY BRASSES"



MODERN GLASS—A REVIEW

THE WEALTH of early glass in France leads to conjectures and inquiries concerning her later developments of that craft, but a search for recent windows there seems to reveal

modern painting as a more profound influence than the work of the early masters in glass. Imitations there are, thousands of them, many so cleverly devised in the twelfth or thirteenth century manner as to deceive casual admirers of early windows, and a waggish amateur has recently suggested that some of our younger designers are following these imitations in their eagerness to anticipate a medieval revival.

But modern windows of distinction, though they be designed in terms of earlier stained glass, should not be confused with perfunctory copies. In the Ambulatory of Notre Dame, Paris, in the Lady Chapel of Auxerre, in the nave of the Cathedral at Le Mans, and in that of Chalons-sur-Marne is to be found interesting work of artists like Didron, Weber and Lalande, Fauquet, Fritel, Viollet le Duc, the great architect, and that excellent painter and craftsman, Leprevost.

These men were sincere in their efforts to bring the charm of early work to windows of the nineteenth century while famous French painters were equally sincere in their attempts to make transparent pictorial decorations. Ingres, Grasset, Merson Laurens, Besnard have all made experiments in glass, and the tendency there has long been away from the sturdy, honest design of the

Present-day artists and craftsmen are carrying on splendid traditions of the ancient art of stained glass
Charles J. GONNICK

Palais in Paris, contained several panels of stained glass. Auguste Matisse was represented by extremely modern compositions in the manner of latter-day painters, with bottles, vines, birds,

old masters towards the use of the medium as an intriguing supplement to the painter's craft.

The fifteenth *Salon des Artistes et Décorateurs*, recently held at the Grand

Palais in Paris, contained several panels of stained glass. Auguste Matisse was represented by extremely modern compositions in the manner of latter-day painters, with bottles, vines, birds, ships and seas, treated in strange and forceful fashion. Jacques and Madame Gruber had some interesting compositions in quiet tones, color, and whites, with pleasing patterns in different sized leads. M. Chigot had a modern composition, and Jean Viorolle had, in the main salon, a large study of St. Louis with the crown of thorns at Sainte Chapelle, excellently worked out in lead lines and paint lines, pronouncedly pictorial.

This tendency to imitate painting on canvas in the stained-glass craft of France is particularly interesting to those of us who observe an opposite inclination here and in England, although, for a time, America led the world in realistic picture-windows. Substantial

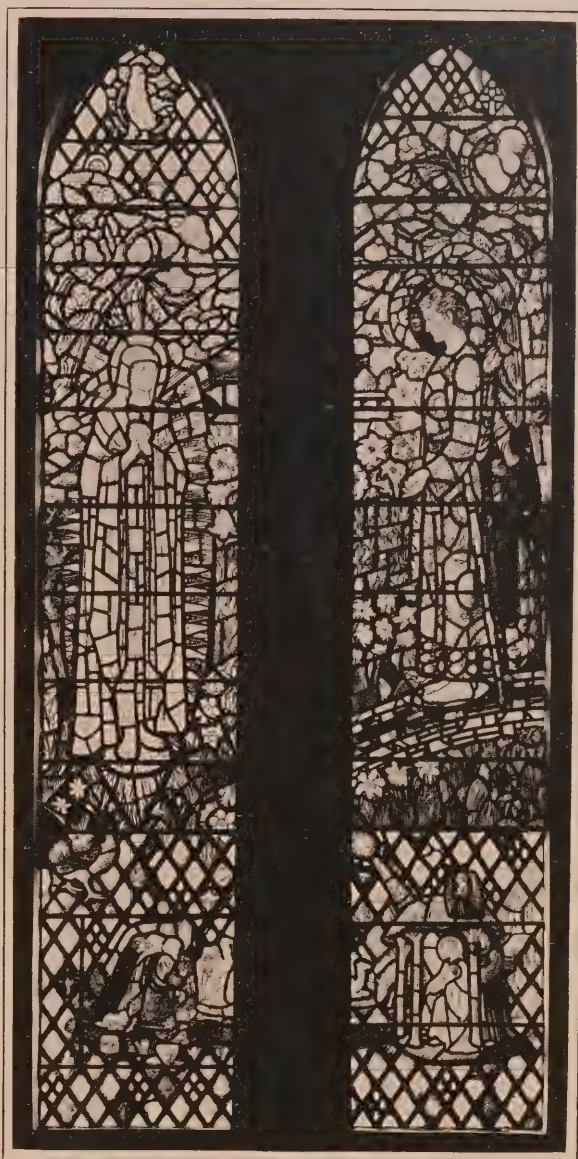
proof of this distinction, as it touches England, is found in the basilica at Wembley which displays twelve windows made for the Empire Exhibition by a selected group of British artists. The charming window by Louis Davis and Thomas Cowell, delicate and radiant; the bolder "St. Branden" by Miss Geddes; "St. Christopher" sparkling in Whall's distinctive manner; windows by Karl



CARTOONS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY STYLE BY WEBER AND LALANDE. PAINTED BY LEPREVOST



"ST. CHAD." DETAIL FROM THE LADY CHAPEL WINDOWS
AT GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND. BY CHRISTOPHER
WHALL



"THE ANNUNCIATION." DESIGN BY WALTER CAMM. MADE
BY FLORENCE AND WALTER CAMM, SMITHWICK, ENGLAND

Parsons, Fulleylove, Nicholson, Reginald Bell and Nultsem are all conceived and wrought in lead and glass at first hand.

The revival of stained glass in England is probably related to the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting. Several of the younger men in that movement experimented with stained glass. In the office of the Whitefriars' Glass Works, London, is treasured the first cartoon by the young Burne-Jones, "The Good Shepherd," a handsome, honest thing that might have been drawn on a stained-glass worker's bench. He scorned the softly pretty German type, popular then as now, and drew in sturdy lead lines the figure of a peasant farmer with a lamb over his shoulders. This effort was followed by the Saint Frideswide window, an adaptation of the medieval medallion style, made for the east window of the north



MEMORIAL WINDOW, EAST SURREY REGIMENTAL CHAPEL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, ENGLAND. BY CHRISTOPHER WEBB

aisle, Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. His greatest windows—among the most beautiful to be found anywhere—are in Saint Philip's Cathedral Church of Birmingham. Archeology is not suggested by their severity of design, or detail in drawing, nor by their massed splendors of color. Their thrilling beauty might well recall the jeweled windows of Chartres, but certainly would suggest no attempt to copy them.

An artist in glass, unless he has a shop of his own, is at the mercy of those shopmen and craftsmen to whom he must look for the making of his windows. Many shopmen in London varied the monotony of commercial work by making windows for artists like Burne-Jones, Ford Maddox Browne, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti. Burne-Jones found a sympathetic group of people in the shops of William Morris, and two windows in Trinity Church, Boston, belong to the period of that association. A more intimate window in the Church of Our Saviour, Brookline, Massachusetts, probably belongs to that same period.

The list of distinguished English painters who have designed notable stained-glass windows since that time is a long one. T. Millie Dow, Gerald

Moira, Reginald Frampton, R. Anning Bell and Henry Holiday have been particularly successful. Many of the younger men who began, as did Burne-Jones, by having large shops execute their windows, found this method unsatisfactory, and established shops of their own. A glass man must have helpers, and a studio-workshop, like that of Christopher Whall in a suburb of London, resembling a school rather than a commercial factory, is the sort that an artist in any medium would readily appreciate.

Mr. Whall has evidently profited by his experiences with commercial shops; and the genial, friendly, unhurried atmosphere that distinguishes his group of workers, reflects his own attitude. Equally significant there are the zest for experiment and the enthusiastic interest in the various processes. Mr. Whall's work in the Lady Chapel at Gloucester is a great achievement. His use of

AISLE WINDOW, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MARGARET REDMOND





SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL WINDOW, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, OTTAWA, CANADA
DESIGNED AND MADE BY MISS W. M. GEDDES

white glass and brilliant color is particularly effective in the mild light of England, and his delineation of old-world legends and of friendly, thoughtful saints and eager young knights is imbued with poetry and with the loves and dreams of a poet. He has broken with some of the old traditions, but so gently that one hardly senses rebellion. His use of canopy designed from natural forms, instead of the more formal architectural canopies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a distinct mark of his inventiveness and of his adherence to architectural principles. He has recently been honored by the request for a permanent exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. A group of his windows was installed some time ago in the clerestory of the Church of the Advent, Boston.

Selwyn Image has designed and made some very interesting windows that offer a naïve allegiance to the fundamentals in leaded glass work while they depart from the traditions of English work, preserved with an accuracy, sometimes painful, by the older Kemp, Clayton and Bell, Heaton Butler and Bayne and by Westlake and his followers.

Louis Davis has made some very personal contributions to the stained glass work of England. He is always a designer, but spontaneity is one of his attractive distinctions, and many of his cartoons, while excellently balanced in design, seem to have been drawn with breathless eagerness. The studied accuracy of the archeologist has no place in Mr. Davis' work although this reveals a genuine love for the old masters. His *Bénédictine* windows in the Cathedral of Dunblane, Scotland, have a power and a winsome grace all their own. He revels in pure color, in the varying textures of white or colored glasses, and while he has encouraged chemists and glass



DESIGN FOR A MAUSOLEUM
WINDOW BY F. S. J.
HOLLISTER

WINDOW IN SPIDAL CHURCH,
GALWAY. MADE BY MISS K. O'BRIEN



makers to produce colors of the twelfth-century type, he has eagerly accepted all worthy modern additions to that palette. He has been fortunate in his choice of an assistant. The artist-craftsman, Thomas Cowell, associated for many years with the Whitefriars' Glass Works, has interpreted Mr. Davis' designs and cartoons with rare understanding and unfailing enthusiasm. This association has been, in spirit, a partnership, and no mention of Mr. Davis' work would be complete without Mr. Cowell's name. To him also is due much of the credit for the great choir windows in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, made by the Powells of Whitefriars' some years ago. More recently he has contributed largely to the windows, designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, for the Cathedral Church of Christ, Liverpool.

Windows of distinction have been made within recent years by Walter Camm, Florence Camm and Thomas William Camm of Smethwick, near Birmingham. They are brilliant in gracious ways, and while they never leave the region of design, they often suggest wood-carving, tapestry and jewelry in their technical characteristics. The Annunciation window in Smethwick has interesting points of originality, distinguished also by a radiance of white glasses and brilliant color. The Camms are represented in America by a piece of glass in the Art Museum of Cleveland, Ohio, a study of Sir Galahad in silver and color with exhaustive refinement in detail. Near Birmingham also is the Bromsgrove Guild of which H. A. Davies is the moving spirit. He has a fresh but reverent manner of approaching old scriptural subjects that reveals his own joy in their inherent beauty. With him are associated Henry Payne, Bernard Sleight and several others who are doing excellent work.

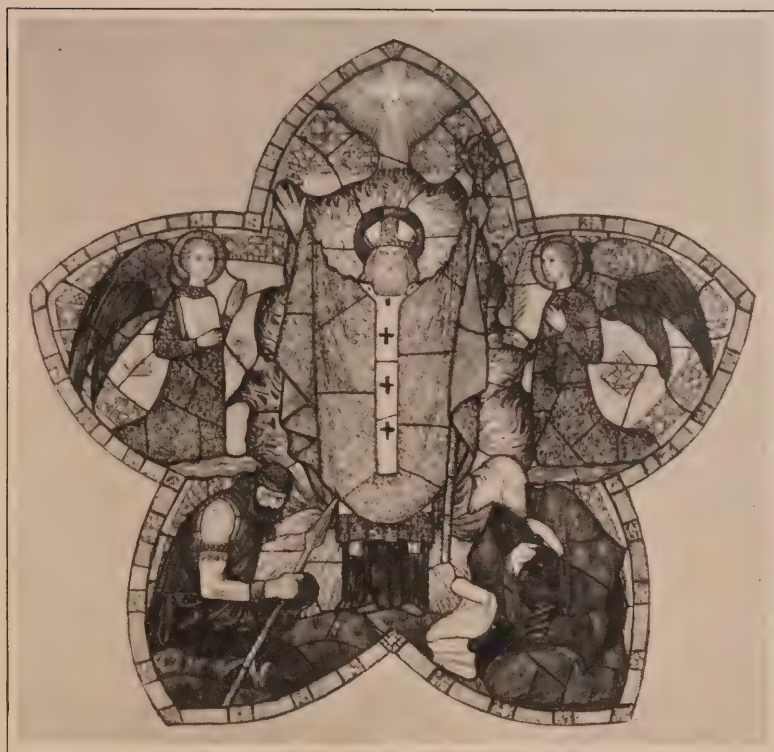
Since the days of the pioneer, Stephen Adams, many Scotch artists have been interested in glass. Douglas Strachan has a vigorous style somewhat influenced by pictorial ideas, but splendid in color. Many excellent examples are to be found in the churches and cathedrals of Scotland, especially in St. Giles, Edinburgh.

Sir William Comper has frankly determined upon a style obviously taken from the fourteenth and fifteenth century work in England. Ernest Heasman, Christopher Webb and his brother, Geoffrey Webb, are working along similar lines; their work has a pleasing, personal note that suggests a vivid pleasure in the medium, with a related spontaneity that quite disarms the critic in search for archeological influences.

The group of Irish workers in Dublin, called by a Gaelic name meaning "Tower of Glass," was founded in 1903 by Miss Purser, H.R.H.A. Here

are artists and craftsmen to rouse the enthusiasm of every lover of stained glass. It is surprising that their work is so little known in America.

Miss W. M. Geddes, of this group, introduced to America by Miss Patricia Irwin of Montreal, has recently designed and made a window for Saint Bartholomew's Church, Ottawa, which gives her an enviable position among modern artists. It is a Soldiers' Memorial given by the Duke of Connaught and suggests the arrival of a soldier at the Gates of Heaven, met by Archangels and saintly old heroes whose acts and martyrdoms are quaintly designed on their banners. In the background are the beloved knights of King Arthur with similar banners and their own distinctive symbols. It shows an amazing realization of the peculiar powers ready to the hand of the sensitive artist who approaches glass with an inspired intelligence and a "flock of dreams." The technical skill of Miss Geddes is as gratifying as is the fresh, vivid manner in which she has used it. Nowhere in modern glass is there a more striking example of a courageous adventure in the medium. It relates an episode in the naïve manner of an early master, but in a great composition set with smaller ones, rather than



DESIGN FOR WINDOW, ST. PATRICK AT SLANE.

BY W. M. HEALY

ASCENSION WINDOW, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, FLUSHING, L. I.
BY HOWARD WYND YOUNG AND J. GORDON GUTHRIE



in a series of medallions. It is so cleverly woven together in design that it has a pronounced architectural character, notwithstanding freedom from old forms. The almost burly masculine vigor in its commanding features is gracefully offset by its feminine charm of detail and its color harmonies. This devotee of the craft stood before it recently with a feeling of personal gratitude for the spiritual beauty, the poetry and the youthful audacity that are wrought into that goodly fabric of glass, lead and iron.

Miss Beatrice Elvery, Miss K. O'Brien, Miss S. H. Purser and Miss E. Rhind, M. Healy, A. E. Child and W. McGoldirick have all done distinguished work in this group, untouched by the commercial blight. Mr. Healy's sketch for a star-shaped window shows a designer's resourcefulness in filling an unusual opening, and an artist's delight in the utilization of all expedients known to the craft. He uses flashed glass, etches it, and stains it in minute

detail without departing from the flat patterning of glass with lead lines, and he has evidently learned that light can be trusted to play gaily around and through this patterning when the glass is left comparatively transparent.

The traditions of England have persisted in Canada and, to a great extent, in the United States. Many well-known English artists are represented in both places, and recently some important windows have been designed and made for Canadian churches by F. S. J. Hollister of Toronto. A clear and firm sense of design in lead line and paint line and a purity of color are distinguishing features of his work.

The history of stained glass in America, when it is written, will record many incidents, grave and gay, from the time when glass stainers from England first established their small shops here to the time when John La Farge introduced a new type of glass. There are ample evidences of good craftsmanship in church buildings of the post-colonial period, but very few marks of real distinction. Those craftsmen confined themselves principally to reproductions of *grisaille* with an

occasional figure somewhat raw in color under a canopy, the whole made with an inferior type of glass, often backed with a coating of white to modify its transparency. Later came a flood of importations from England, Germany, Belgium and France. Obviously the foreign designers and makers of glass did not know the intense light of America, and John La Farge may have been greatly influenced in his experiments by the study of foreign windows in this brilliant light.

He knew the old glass of France also, and per-

haps his appreciation of the curious opacity of old glass, with his knowledge of the thin and insipid foreign glass in America, led to his use of the semi-opaque opalescent glass made under his direction. Some of his earlier work, notably the three west windows in Trinity Church, Boston, and the north window in the Church of North Easton, Massachusetts, bear evidences of La Farge's love for the great windows of Chartres and Bourges;

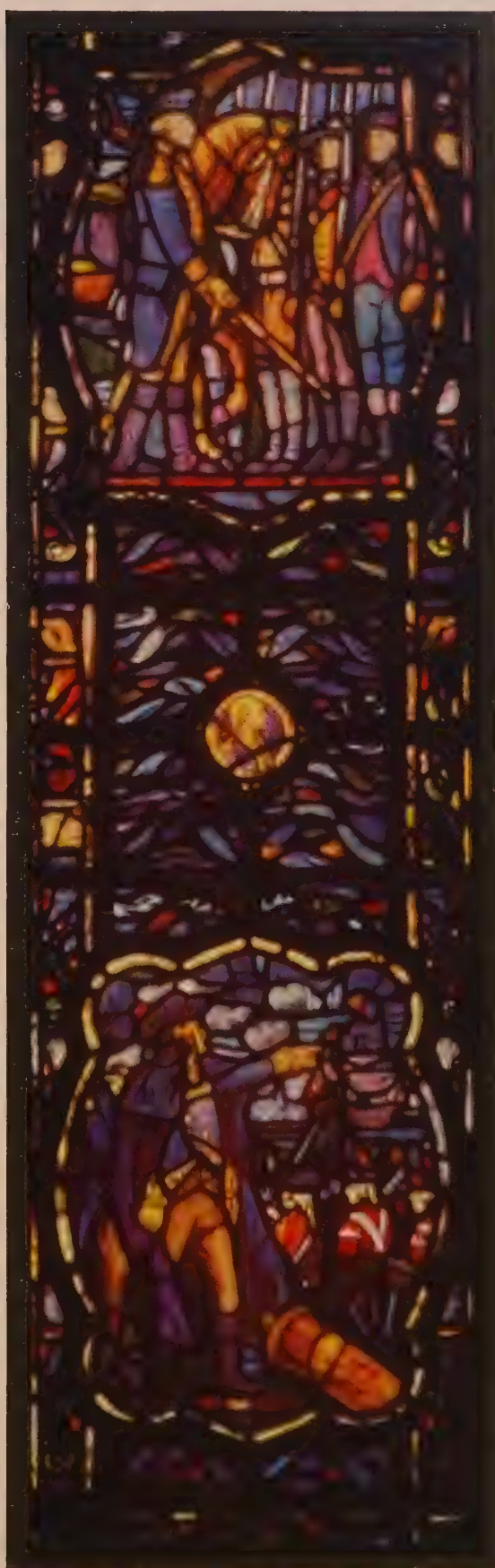
but as he was trained as a painter, his discovery of pronounced tonal qualities, easily obtained where the glass was doubled or even trebled in plating, led him into frank duplications of the effects he obtained on canvas, and resulted in transparent pictures rather than windows as architectural units.

The conception of a window as a pictorial decoration has had tremendous effect throughout America. It resulted in the feeling among glass men that architecture need not be greatly respected, and very often where windows in Gothic style were divided into narrow lancets by wide stone mullions, those mullions have been entirely ignored as in the famous memorial chapel at Far Rockaway, New York, or they have been ruthlessly torn out to allow as much scope as possible for a pictorial composition. Naturally, thoughtful architects resented this attitude and the most distinguished and talented among them denounced the pictorial window in violent terms. At the same time, they encouraged many of the more prominent American artists and some of the younger men to work in harmony with the archi-



JOAN OF ARC MEDALLION

BY MARY H. FRYE



TWO WINDOWS DEPICTING SCENES FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Designed and Made by

The D'Ascenzo Studios



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL WINDOW, GRADUATE COLLEGE
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

*Designed and Made by
Charles J. Gonnick*



THREE OF A SERIES OF MEDALLION WINDOWS FOR ST. AGATHA'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA
BY CHARLES J. CONNICK

tectural schemes in transparent stained glass of the older type.

During what might be called the pictorial period in stained glass, there stood forth one sturdy artist-craftsman, whose work never suffered from indifference to architectural design. Otto Heinigke of New York left behind him an influence for straightforward, honest design and craftsmanship that has been invaluable to all of us who are working in the medium. Architects and glass men might well unite in a memorial to him, for he was not only a great friend of architecture and all the crafts, but he was also a great-hearted human, lavish in his encouragement of all sincere students and workers. Since his death, his son, Otto W. Heinigke with Oliver P. Smith has occupied the shop he made famous. A good example of their work is the north window in the Chapel of All Saints, Trinity Church, New York. It would not be mistaken for a modern English window, although it is designed severely with figures under canopies, somewhat like the fifteenth-century period in England. It combines an interesting use of lead lines with a studied reserve in paint lines and the use of matts. It has a simplicity of design and a pleasing sense of scale that suggests its having been built in the chapel, and fitted into these openings for just the light it receives. Such windows are more effective replies to the claims of the pictorialists than any number of words could be.

American architects and craftsmen have recently lost a rare genius whose life was devoted to a very personal interpretation of old forms in the stained glass craft. Henry Wynd Young, born in Scotland, worked for some time in the shop of the late Harry Eldridge Goodhue in Cambridge, but had his own shop in New York for several years. He revived and revitalized old forms in a delightful manner all his own. His small window, "Our Lady of Sorrow," reminiscent of a certain well-known window in Oxford, England, is evidence of his sensitive skill in design, and his mastery of all expedients known to the glass painter. His use of line, color, and especially of whites, his appreciation of surfaces and textures, and of the varying, subtle qualities of transparency and opacity revealed by light playing through paint and glass together, give him a unique and very high place among modern glass men. This small lancet, so representative of great qualities in modern work related to the best old traditions, should be purchased by one of our American art museums so that its inherent beauty may receive a wide audience. The windows in Saint Bartholomew's Church, New York City, the Nativity

window in the Newark Cathedral, the Te Deum window in Emanuel Church, Newport, Rhode Island, and the Apocalypse windows in the House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, are among his best known windows.

Mr. Young was also successful in finding competent and sympathetic assistants. J. Gordon Guthrie, who succeeds him, has contributed to the character and distinction of many windows. He drew the cartoons for that justly praised Ascension window in Saint George's Church, Flushing, Long Island. The quaint and almost whimsical treatment of this subject make its appeal intimately warm and human, a welcome contrast to the more usual monumental treatment.

Herman J. Butler of New York has supplemented a splendid service as teacher of the craft by designing many distinguished windows that are made in the Pike Studios of Rochester—Norman Lidner assisting. Clement Heaton, an English artist who has spent many years in this country, has an exhaustive knowledge of old glass which extends even to the chemical formulas for glass colors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He has placed several clerestory windows and a brilliant rose window in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, and a series of excellent ornamental windows in the Church of Saint Thomas Apostle, Woodhaven, Long Island.

A recent medallion window by Miss Mary H. Wesselhoeft of New York suggests in another way the strong urge towards the simpler methods of the primitives. An exuberant use of lead lines in her light-hearted fashion is surely a great relief from studied archeological types. Much of Miss Wesselhoeft's work is evidently designed for the smaller opening, and this recalls a type of work somewhat neglected of late by American artists although men like Owen Bonawit of New York, R. Toland Wright of Cleveland, and A. Kay Herbert of Detroit have added to their larger commissions attractive work for residences, public buildings and business houses. The idea of utilizing stained glass for the enrichment of a business office has received more encouragement in other countries than in America. A quaint window for an export house in Hamburg, designed by John Nickelsen, now of New York, gives a glass man's reaction to thoughts of foreign shores and strange adventures in a way to enliven any "dull mart of trade."

Philadelphia has long been favored in having talented artists who cared very deeply for glass. First among these men, if not first among the glass men of the country today, is Nicola D'Ascenzo, an artist distinguished by work in all

mediums, but famous for his group of windows in the chapel at Valley Forge. The architects of that chapel are to be commended for their judgment in assigning this commission to Mr. D'Ascenzo alone, for it has given him an opportunity to control the entire color scheme of the interior with results that are remarkably beautiful and satisfying. Mr. D'Ascenzo has brought to his work in glass a poet's fancy, a thorough artistic training, an exuberant love for color and a sturdy sense of form that give distinction to his work, either in great groups of church windows or in small personal expressions for the homes of his friends.

The late William Willet, with Anne Lee Willet, has also added to the wealth of stained glass in America. Well-known windows from the Willet studios are in Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, in the West Point Memorial Chapel, and in the Graduate College of Princeton University. Mr. Willet's designs in water colors were masterpieces in that medium, and he did very much to encourage the younger men in their revolt against opalescent glass. Many of these younger men received their first training from J. Horace Rudy of York and Pittsburgh. His skill as a teacher, his vivid color sense, and his generous good will have endeared him to students and workers in both schools regardless of all contentions.

A few miles from Philadelphia in the pleasant town of Bryn Athyn, Mr. Raymond Pitcairn is conducting a series of experiments that are bound to be important in relation to architecture and to many crafts, especially to stained glass. In the yard of the distinguished Gothic Church, designed by Mr. Cram, is a group of shops where craftsmen fashion stained glass windows and other furnishings for the interior, somewhat as the workers in the medieval guilds must have done centuries ago. Rowley Murphy, Lawrence B. Saint, Winfred Hyatt and Oliver B. Smith are talented artists in glass whose work is being slowly placed, studied, and replaced in this great edifice. As the glass itself, or at least very much of it, is made by Mr. Larson who belongs to the same group, the oppor-

tunity afforded these men should be a most gratifying one. The results are interesting and praiseworthy, and will go far towards giving the architectural dependence of the craft a wider recognition in this country. Several windows now in place are certainly superior to all other modern windows so frankly medieval in type to be found in America. In another small Pennsylvania town,

Holicong, George W. Sotter and L. A. Pittassi are doing spirited work that reveals a devotion to thirteenth-century ideals and a marked originality in the use of ancient forms and color-schemes.

The growing popularity of twelfth and thirteenth-century types, even where they are frankly copied, marks a victory for those who have contended for years against the pictorial influence. The late Harry Eldridge Good-

hue was a pioneer in New England. From his Cambridge shop have radiated many influences that should be directly related to his unusual talent. Walter G. Ball, long associated with him, has many important windows to his credit and Wright Goodhue, his son, is giving evidences of a real flare for stained glass of the old-world variety.

Wilbur Herbert Burnham, and Reynolds, Francis & Rohnstock are making interesting windows strongly marked by old forms. Miss Mary H. Frye is among the most clever and original of the younger artists in Boston, but through her indifference to modern advertising methods, her work is not so well known as it really should be. Her medallion "Joan of Arc" is a fascinating example of small stained glass work. Margaret Redmond has also made some effective windows entirely without academic flavor. Frances and Orin Skinner have developed through several years, a proficiency in the craft comparable to their love for it, expressed in many charming examples but little known.

This review, brief and incomplete as it is, should at least point anew to the truism that an artist has no royal road and that as his own spirit develops in grace and sincerity the beauty of his work increases, regardless of rules and styles.



MEDALLION

BY FRANCES AND ORIN SKINNER

HER METALGRAFT SPIRITUAL

"THE VITAL ART of goldsmithing of the ancients has come up like a lost river in America in Janet Payne Bowles," the late Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, then director of the

Metropolitan Museum of Art, once said to that institution's then president, John Pierpont Morgan, now also deceased. He was introducing Mr. Morgan to Mrs. Bowles. Sir Purdon's high opinion of her art subsequently was accepted by Mr. Morgan, who gave her commissions until his death. Others also have held her work in the same esteem, among them being the late Spencer Trask, of New York, and I. Bossilini, of Florence, Italy. She won prizes given by each of these men for competitions, and both of them gave her their patronage, as did Sir Purdon and Mr. Morgan. She has been the recipient also of awards in Paris and at American expositions, and her strongly individual work with gold and silver and, at times, with gems has placed her among the elect of artists so that she is acclaimed as a genius come out of the Middle West. Her work is for ecclesiastical purposes, for the stage and for connoisseurs and includes reliquaries, chalices, crosses, pectorals, boxes, spoons, rings, necklaces and other articles. Quiet but intense in manner, she talks of her work with a passion that glows in her gray-blue eyes. Her efforts to express the universal and the eternal take form in strange, rhythmic patterns. Speaking of her work, she said:

"In the objects for religious service, I have tried, on the decorative side, to reverse the idea of Trans-substantiation, to turn a direct symbol back into the mystery of

Janet Payne Bowles seeks to express the universal and eternal in rhythmic modeling of gold and silver

Rena Tucker Kohlman

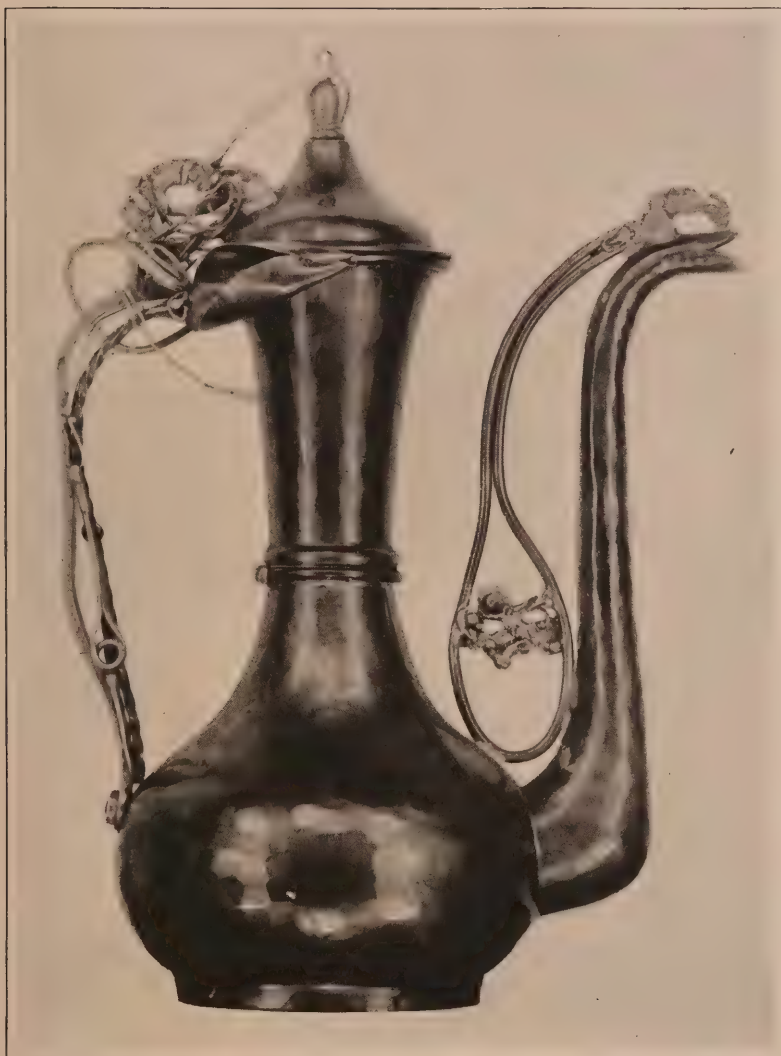
spiritual underflow and express, not history's symbol, but the emotion that produced the symbol. So if you have been told the hidden, symbolistic emotion, you may see it at once, and

if not, I would still like to convey to other senses the power of imagination that should be inveterate, intense and spiritual as the religious emotion itself. I do not want to express the set conviction of the Catholic-church heart but the urge of a reverent art-muse who perhaps knows nothing of set religion except that certain stories are dear because of their sacred associations in history, and upon this human testimony to build an individual, vibrant worshipping art.

"The universal and the eternal are my favorite and abiding subjects and I am most conscious of a desire to express them in metal—still, like the church symbol, not so concretely that he who runs may read but in the subjective persistence toward reproductive expression of an organized, enthralled, vision of the universe. Motives of the animal, vegetable, mineral kingdoms with something static or rhythmic to suggest man's work, and the atmospheric elements, and perhaps even the psychic world in all this, I have tried to incorporate in such unity that a sense of a universe will be subconsciously conveyed to the imagination. The design laws of rhythm, balance and harmony I must feel into the work, not as rules of composi-

BELOW: JEWEL BOX OF CARVED GOLD. RIGHT: SILVER CUP. MADE BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN





SILVER WINE VESSEL IN THE BOSSILINI COLLECTION

BY JANET BOWLES

Mrs. Bowles is fond of using strange animal forms in her designs and confesses that she would like to have been "an assistant creator" to the animal world. In producing her designs she does not use pencil and paper but evolves the forms that the metals themselves suggest as she works, and she teaches her pupils in the same way to induce "the creative flow." She belongs to no school or cult in art. She does not pose as a modernist. Her chief inspiration has come from early Greek repoussé and from Celtic and Norse designs.

Reference to the diversity of crosses that she has evolved led Mrs. Bowles to tell of the beginning of her acquaintance with Sir Purdon Clarke. She was in the Metropolitan Museum and leaning over a case of old Greek gold ornaments. Engrossed, she did not at first notice that the director of the museum also was studying them. They fell into conversation over the objects, and in a discussion of them Mrs. Bowles disagreed with Sir Purdon. He looked at her with an expression of wonder as to her authority on the subject. She

tion, but as the inevitable force of gravity, and the movement of spheres in the natural universe. The orbit is one of these motives, curves of wire expressing the plane of a path. The law of evolution I have tried to incorporate in my design through a system which I worked out and whereby I develop creative ability in pupils of imitating or using not the forms of nature alone, but the method of nature's infinite production of form. Allying myself with this creative flow, I know I must be endlessly fertile."

GOLD CHALICE

BY JANET BOWLES



was wearing one of her crosses and, as she was on her way to a prospective customer, had several

other pieces with her. Sir Purdon's glance dropped from her face to the object hanging from her neck and he spoke of it. He bought not only the cross but other objects in the course of their friendship. His introduction of her and Mr. Morgan was most helpful and inspiring to her. Mr. Morgan gave her full access to his collection for study and to his books on the art of jewelry, enamel, gold and sil-

versmithing, of which he had a wide knowledge and which he discussed with her. His commissions to her included spoons, rings, pendants, a jewel box, cups and plates, all of gold.

Asked how she became interested in metals, Mrs. Bowles said: "I was in Boston on a holiday afternoon and was walking through the deserted wholesale district. The quiet was broken by a ringing sound as of metal being struck with a hammer. The sound enthralled me. I turned into a narrow street and stopped at an open doorway, fascinated with the sight of a young man working feverishly on a chandelier. Without looking up he said to me, 'Hurry! Give me that hammer. Bring me that pail of water. Don't you see I need it?'" Thus she entered a voluntary apprenticeship which lasted many weeks. Being greatly interested in sociology she found also subjects for study in the conversations of the men who gathered there. Her next step was to go into a foundry to handle and to learn about metals. Then she arranged a little studio in her own home and her objects of utility and art began to appear. From the first strong individuality characterized her work.

When in 1909 Mrs. Bowles came to New York to live, her jewelry was invited for exhibition with the work of a group of craftsmen and won the Spencer Trask prize. Mr. Trask then became her first patron. Previously she had received first prize at an important exhibition of jewelry in Paris, and again she won at the International Goldsmiths' Exhibition in 1912. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 she took second prize for jewelry and first for goldsmithing, and Lalique, French designer, purchased examples of her carved gold work, a type unique at that time. When living in Boston, she had heard of Signor Bossilini, the



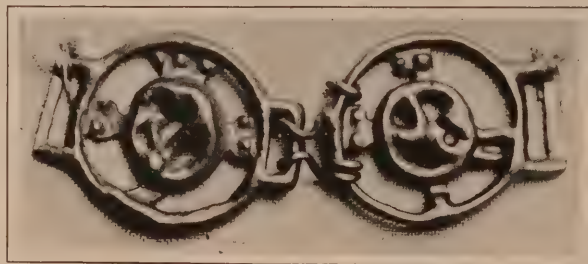
SILVER AND ENAMEL HOLY WATER FONT IN THE BOSSILINI COLLECTION
BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES

Florentine patron of art, but she never dreamed that a few years later she would receive his thousand-dollar prize for a chalice; that the winning of it would be followed by orders for other

vessels, his gifts to various churches, and that the proceeds from these would put her daughter through college. The motive of the Bossilini chalice is "Blood flowing among the activities of man," and of the wine vessel

CARVED GOLD BUCKLE

BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES





GOLD SPOONS MADE FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN

BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES

accompanying it, "Spiritual brooding and the orbits sacrifice takes." Mrs. Bowles has made altar pieces of silver for a chapel in Saint Patrick's Cathedral and for other churches in New York.

For Maude Adams' production of *As You Like It* at Berkeley, California, staged and costumed by Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, she made a silver kirtle axe and a set of silver jewelry.

GOLD SPOONS MADE FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN

BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES





"SELF-PORTRAIT"

BY REMBRANDT PEALE (AGE 13)

Rembrandt Peale's First Portrait

REMBRANDT PEALE, in writing an account of his life, says of this picture: "My first attempt to paint in oil was, as usual, a portrait of myself in which I could blunder unseen, and not fatigue the sitter sooner than the painter. This I thought a good beginning, as everybody knew the likeness of the little boy only thirteen years old. I have often shown this portrait to young beginners, to encourage them to go on from *bad* to better." This passage is to be found in a book by C. Edwards Lester, "The Artists of America," published in 1846, for which Peale wrote an account of his life at the author's request. In spite of its occasional bad drawing and air of

harshness the painting has, what is even more to be valued than impeccable draughtsmanship, animation and vitality. If there had been the attention paid to "child artists" in young Rembrandt's day perhaps he would have taken more pride in his achievement and not spoken of it in so deprecating a fashion. The picture still remains in the possession of the artist's family and was lent by its present owner, Mrs. Eleanor Peale Davis of Philadelphia, to the exhibition held last spring by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in which more than three hundred pictures were shown by the three famous Peales, Charles Willson, his brother James, and his son Rembrandt.

FURNITURE of Historic TYPES

IX. Chippendale and the Georgian Period

IT IS ONE of those curious anomalies which abound in the history of art, particularly of the applied arts, that the most highly-ornamented furniture that was ever produced in England, with the possible exception of a short period in the reign of Charles II, should be stamped with the name of the simplest of England's queens, one

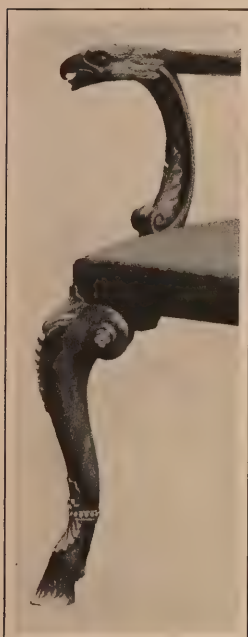
After the Queen Anne period English furniture degenerated until the dawn of the age of Chippendale

Major Arthur De BLES

who avoided all display and ceremony as far as it lay in her power to do so. The placing of the "credit" for the first of the four Early Georgian styles to the Queen Anne period is all the less just since this style only came into fashion after the death of the daughter of James II. And although its real name is "Decorated Queen Anne," a

furniture may be placed as between 1714, the year of the accession of the Hanoverian, George I, to the throne of England, and 1749, when the younger Chippendale withdrew from his father's workshop and set up in business for himself in Conduit street. It has been divided into four sub-styles, all bearing upon them the impress of a general mode, but differing in the details of the ornamentation which provides the names under which they are known. First we have the Deco-

one is to place accurately the pieces of furniture made between the decline of the true Queen Anne style and the rise to prominence of the younger Chippendale. The Early Georgian period in



ARM AND LEG OF DECORATED QUEEN ANNE CHAIR SHOWING THE EAGLE HEAD AND THE GEORGIAN DEVELOPMENT OF THE GRACEFUL FRENCH "PIED DE BICHE"

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate

very important qualification, the descriptive adjective is only too often omitted and a wrong impression produced in the minds of those who would learn to make the finer distinctions in the styles of English furniture. Such distinctions are important if

MIRROR BACK CHAIR OF THE SATYR MASK PERIOD
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF A DECORATED QUEEN ANNE RED LACQUER AND GILT CHAIR WITH BALL AND CLAW FOOT. THE SINGLE SPLAT IS DECORATED WITH A CHINESE MOTIVE

rated Queen Anne style, which lasted from 1714 till about 1725; second, the Lion period, which remained in vogue for fifteen years from 1720; third, the Satyr-Mask period, fashionable from 1730 to 1740, and finally the Cabochon-and-Leaf style (1735-1749) which gradually merged into a transition style from which was evolved that of Chippendale. These four sub-sections of the Early Georgian



GILT CONSOLE, CIRCA 1730. NOTE THE STRONGLY CARVED EAGLE HEAD SUPPORTS

mode are very easily distinguishable, once the main characteristics are known, and in order to facilitate the retention of the typical features we have illustrated here the most important ones, those from which their respective names are taken.

Decorated Queen Anne furniture retains many of the features of the pure style, particularly its high fiddle backs and, up to about 1720, its feeling of graceful solidity. But the top-rails of the fiddle backs of this period are crested instead of plain as in the true Queen Anne chairs, and the whole piece is decorated with gilding, lacquer and ornaments in a manner which distinguishes it at once from the simple Dutch pattern of the first decade of the eighteenth century. And by the end of the second decade the tide of bad taste was at the flow and even the "horrors" of the worst of the rococo style were surpassed by the Georgian craftsmen. French artists always manage in some instinctive manner to save their products from absolute degradation, but partly because English cabinet designing is, as we have seen, entirely dependent upon foreign inspiration—though cleverly adapted to British taste and requirements—and so falls necessarily into the class of "copies," the bad points as well as the good of the original are exaggerated and generally debased, because the original impulse of the creator must remain a mystery to the imitator. No better example of such misunderstanding can be found than the Early Georgian manner of treating the delicate

pied-de-biche leg invented during the reign of Louis XIV. The English edition, illustrated here, may be sturdier in accordance with that constant call of English customers for utilitarian strength even in things where the requirements of daintiness seem to clash with it—and, in the nature of things, strength always bears away the palm of victory—but there is no gainsaying the fact that the *pied-de-biche* of the Decorated Queen Anne style is heavy and clumsy, overladen with ornament, and defaced by gilding, a parody upon the delicately-modeled French type. It is the hoof of a calf with its rounded edges rather than the representation

of a dainty deer's foot.

The rococo feeling that pervaded the whole of Europe after its initiation in France, due as we

have seen previously to the bad taste of foreign-born artists employed in that country, was rampant in Germany, and just as William III had imported into his new kingdom the simple, robust lines of the Dutch styles, and the best of the French, and by his patronage had gradually evolved an Anglicized form of them, so the Teuton monarch who now guided the destinies of England brought over with him that very worst form of the rococo which is so perfectly exemplified by the old theatre in Bayreuth and the palace of Herrenhausen in King George I's native state. And under that vitiat-

ing influence English sobriety of taste was submerged for a period of forty years, before the inherent sanity of the British artisan once again took control and killed the canker that was eating into it. As Horace Walpole wrote of his time: "We have now arrived at a period in which the arts have sunk to their lowest ebb in Britain. The new monarch is devoid of taste. . . ."

The principal motives of the Decorated Queen Anne style were the naturalistic eagle-head and the ball-and-claw foot. This last feature alone will determine whether a chair or table or cabinet belongs to the pure Queen Anne style or to its Germanized successor, for it did not



END OF EAGLE SETTEE
Courtesy of Elsie de Wolfe



DECORATED QUEEN ANNE MIRROR. NOTE THE EAGLE AND ELABORATE GILDING
Courtesy of Arthur S. Vernay



GILT SIDE TABLE OF THE "ARCHITECTS' FURNITURE" TYPE WITH SWAGS IN THE STYLE OF GRINLING GIBBONS

come into use in England until about 1715. It is an adaptation of the Buddhist motif so common in Chinese art. The eagle head and claw, the latter, however, frequently absent, was seen first in the reign of Queen Anne herself, and derives from the arms of the Italian princely house of Modena-Este of which the second wife of James II was a scion. In the earlier period the eagle motive was conventionalized and used almost exclusively for lock and handle plates, while its silhouette appeared even in the cut-out between the back splat and the outer uprights. But in the Decorated Queen Anne style we have the naturalistic bird either in the form of a well-carved head at the end of chair-arms or forming part of the scheme of the back as in the mirror-back chair in the Metropolitan Museum or again as in the eagle settee in the possession of Miss Elsie de Wolfe; sometimes even the complete bird as in the mirror frame illustrated here. The eagle motif was frequently employed as decoration on the supports for heavy tables, either in the form made familiar to us by church lecterns, or in low relief panels, finished in a naturalistic manner on both sides with the bird's head and body turned in profile. In addition to these two features we find an orgy of gilding and elaborate carving in tables, consoles and stands for lacquered cabinets.

Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721), generally considered as belonging to the seventeenth rather than the eighteenth century, was appointed Mas-

ter-Carver in Wood in 1714 at the munificent salary of eighteen pence (about 36 cents) a day and his remarkable, if overladen, carvings in pear wood undoubtedly laid their influence upon the already vitiated taste of the second decade of the eighteenth century.

Chairs fortunately never suffered badly from the carved wood mania of the day and remained throughout, at least as far as the general contour was concerned, more or less of the pure Queen Anne shape though toward the dawn of the Chippendale era they began to take on the squarer lines which became characteristic of the most famous of English cabinet-makers. The second phase of the Early Georgian mode, commonly known as the Lion period, overlaps the first by some five years. It is easily distinguishable by the lions' heads and paws which adorn the knees and serve as feet, respectively, for both table and chair legs. There is nothing quite like it in furniture elsewhere. The third period is equally distinctive and again overlaps its predecessor. Its typical motives are the carved satyr-mask, and the ball-and-claw

END AND LEG OF LION PERIOD
MAHOGANY TABLE

foot. The mask, like the lion, is essentially a feature of German rococo from Herrenhausen. The mirror-back chair, already mentioned, of the Metropolitan Museum, belongs to this period in spite of the eagle head and claw motifs in the back. In furniture styles, as in architecture, a piece is dated from its latest motif.

The fourth period, which we call the "Cabo-



LEG OF SATYR MASK TABLE. A TRANSITION PIECE WITH LION'S PAW FEET INSTEAD OF BALL AND CLAW

chon-and-Leaf," marks the end of the predominance of German taste and the dawn of a new day for that of France. It set in about 1735 and by 1740 was well established for the remainder of the eighteenth century. Chippendale constantly refers in his *Director* and his letters to "the French taste," and his designs after 1754 are clearly inspired by Louis XV furniture.

Now although the vast majority of Early Georgian furniture was conceived in the worst of taste, it is by no means to be inferred that nothing of artistic value was produced during the forty years which preceded Chippendale's definite establishment as the *arbiter elegantiorum* in furniture styles. Some of the lighter cabinets, such as the corner-cupboard illustrated here, are quite charming and are worthy to fit into a scheme of decoration built in general upon severer lines. Lacquer-work both black and red with gold was immensely popular, corresponding to the "Chinese taste" so prevalent in France, always the first to recognize the beauty of the art products of the Far East.

One of the most favored decorations of tables during the Early Georgian period was that curious mottled marble which is so puzzling to tyros. It is known as *scagliola* and is generally a mixture of



DECORATED QUEEN ANNE CORNER CUPBOARD



CABOCHON-AND-LEAF ORNAMENT ON A STOOL LEG

black and gold and red and white with a high polish, and is used as tops for tables and bureaux. *Scagliola* is a composition of powdered gypsum, isinglass, alum and coloring matter mixed into a thick paste with pieces of marble and gold leaf. It is laid onto a rough surface of lime and horse-hair.

Independently of the four famous sub-styles of the Georgian period, there was a fifth, which surpassed in grotesque exaggeration and love of gilt even the worst of the other styles. It was

known as "Architects' Furniture" for it was sponsored by Sir Christopher Wren and his friend, Grinling Gibbons. A table in this category is illustrated here. The famous Gibbons swags of flowers will be recognized immediately. "Architects' Furniture" was always gilded. It was in favor between 1714 and 1730, where the whole house was planned with its furnishings by Wren or one of his immediate disciples.

Now in 1709 a son was born in Worcester to a cabinet-maker of considerable skill and local renown for his work in the styles we have just described. Thomas Chippendale, Sr., was, no more than his great son, the slave of a style and it is not difficult in a comprehensive collection of Georgian furniture to recognize the pieces which may be attributed to his workshop. There is a



CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF THE TYPICAL CUPID BOW TOP RAIL

distinctive elegance about the quality of his curves, his half-hoop and fan-backs, which stamps them immediately as his, and helps one to understand the swift rise to fame of his son, once that most celebrated of furniture designers had spread his wings and flown the paternal nest. Many of

the pieces attributed by museum authorities all over the world to the greater Thomas Chippendale, are in reality the work of his father's *bodega*, though it is more than likely that from 1727 onward when the two Chippendales opened up a shop in London the younger man had a good deal to do with the designing of their joint products. Certainly he was responsible for much of the fine carving dating from the 1740's, for under his father's instruction he had become the equal in manual dexterity of those great carvers of the French Renaissance of whom we have spoken in a previous

article. It was around the middle of the century that another important change came about in the public taste concerning timber, and mahogany took the place of walnut as the material for fine furniture. But although it was not until 1747, when the prohibitive duty of forty dollars a ton was taken off imported mahogany, that that wood came into general use—walnut remained the favorite of the less prosperous country craftsmen until 1760—yet it was used frequently for the richer customers of the metropolis from 1720 on, for the elaborate carving that was so important a feature of Early Georgian styles was difficult to

execute in walnut, with the finish required by all art connoisseurs of the eighteenth century. But while Chippendale executed many important pieces from the time he and his father left Worcester for London, he did not evolve his typical style until after the publication in 1754 of

his famous book *The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director*, which was in reality nothing more than a great catalogue prepared for the purpose of obtaining orders from country people who could not visit his new premises in St. Martin's Lane. Chippendale's example was followed by all the famous cabinet-makers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, from Ince and Mayhew to Sheraton. The *Director* plates were engraved by Matthias Darly who arrogated to himself the high-sounding title of Professor of Ornament of the Academy of Great Britain (P. O. A. G. B.). He also en-



CHIPPENDALE CHAIR, GOTHIC PERIOD
CIRCA 1765

graved those of Ince and Mayhew's *Universal System of Household Furnishing*.

Now in 1747, just about the time of Chippendale's establishment in Conduit street, an architect named Batty Langley published his extraordinary book, *Gothick Architecture Improved by Rules and Proportions*, and by 1754 this absurd work had caught the public fancy and neo-Gothic became the rage. Chippendale inevitably fell under its sway, but with more true artistic sentiment than he showed in some of his other designs he tried to simplify his adaptation of Gothic in his chairs as much as possible. One of his earliest in this

manner has a back imitating a "four-light" window with a single pointed arch window on each side of a double one containing two smaller single lights. It is characteristic of the lack of understanding of real Gothic by these eighteenth-century improvers that Chippendale placed no arch over the four lights to enclose them as there would be in the windows he was imitating. This particular type of Gothic Chippendale soon was abandoned, for in spite of its imperfections it was too pure for a society fascinated by Batty Langley's improved Gothic. But both his Gothic and his Chinese styles were rather caterings to the wishes of his wealthy patrons than expressions of his own taste, and his *Director* shows a preponderance of designs in interlaced strapwork, ladder backs, both simple and ornamental, and vertically-pierced splat-backs. In his pre-*Director* years he was still influenced by the Decorated Queen Anne



CHIPPENDALE PIE CRUST TABLE

CHIPPENDALE FOUND INSPIRATION FOR HIS CHINESE MANNER IN SUCH KANG HSI PIECES AS THIS CHAIR



style with its half-hood-and-splat back, the splat pierced, but after the publication of his first edition, the "Cupid Bow" top rail and other square patterns became the characteristic features of his chairs. In his Chinese manner his best chairs are those designed in rectilinear fret patterns, following the true Chinese model illustrated here; he used the same fret design for bookcase doors and similar pieces. Most of his mirror frames are in this Chinese taste, composed of the well-known pagoda, cascade and rocaille motifs, with the *Feng-Huang* or Chinese phoenix always in evidence.

Chippendale invented all manner of new articles of furniture, such as wine-coolers, fire-screens and sideboards, and brought back again the four-poster and tester beds of the sixteenth century. But strange as it may appear his genius seems to have inspired no true school—it was too personal—and with his disappearance,

new styles set in, along lines completely opposed to those which enjoyed so tremendous a vogue in the hands of the giant of all master-craftsmen, Thomas Chippendale.

Decorated Queen Anne pieces were almost always made of walnut, but those of the Lion period rarely, of the Satyr-Mask still more so. The Cabochon-and-leaf was exclusively a mahogany product, while Chippendale seldom worked in any other wood.

In 1753 Chippendale opened his workshops at 60 St. Martin's Lane where, after he became the fashion, all London society visited him, in a manner recalling the adulation bestowed by sovereigns and nobles upon the great artists of the Renaissance but rarely seen in England where even a genius of the applied arts who sold his own products was simply a "Tradesman" with all the disqualifications that word implied in the eighteenth century. Chippen-

dale was the inevitable exception that proves the rule. Moreover even in his lifetime his wares fetched enormous prices for those times. A mirror

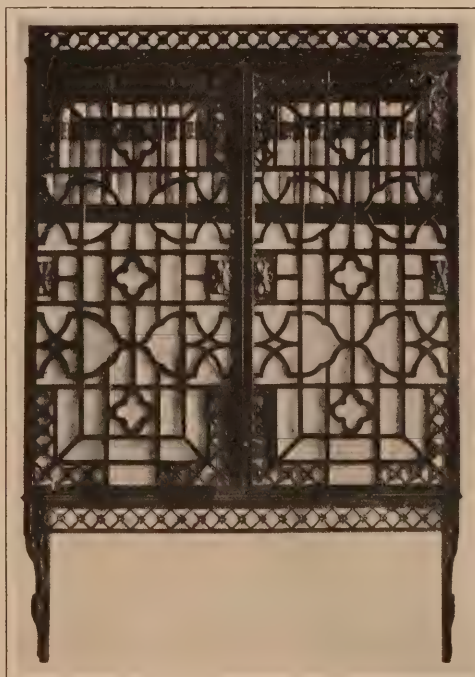
one should look for the authenticity of any work supposed to be by him. But, naturally, when his vogue became great and much time had to be



CARVED MIRROR FRAME (48 X 48 INCHES) IN THE CHARACTERISTIC CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MANNER

of the type illustrated here was wont to fetch from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars so that present day purchasers of genuine Chippendale products—they are extremely rare—should not be surprised at the prices asked for them by those dealers who are able to give proof of the authenticity of the pieces attributed to the master. Chippendale was first and foremost a great carver, and it is in the quality of the carving that

SMALL HANGING CABINET IN THE CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MANNER OF MAHOGANY. THE SIDES ARE CARVED WITH THE FRET



given up to his patrons, the great cabinet-maker did less work himself, and left most of it in the hands of his subordinates. But he carefully supervised the execution of the pieces that left his workshop and so we find in the genuine products a finish and a *maestria* that is absent from those "Chippendale" pieces which have nothing of the true products save their name and their general outline. They are like copies of any other true work of art, like a first-rate copy of a Rembrandt! Everything is there but the touch of the master.



"THOMAS BIRCH"

BY JOHN NEAGLE

PORTRAIT *of* THOMAS BIRCH

THROUGH a chance visit to the Delaware capes in the first years of the nineteenth century, Thomas Birch became interested in the sea and after 1806 practically abandoned portraiture to devote himself to marines. And it was for the reason that this Englishman, who came to the United States in 1793, became so much better

known as a painter of naval battles of the War of 1812 that John Neagle represented Birch in this portrait with one of his warship pictures on his easel. The portrait, a fine example of early American painting, was presented recently to the Pennsylvania Academy's "Gallery of Artists" by John Frederick Lewis.



SIGN PAINTED BY WATTEAU FOR THE ART DEALER, GERSAINT

PAINTERS *and* SIGN PAINTERS

IN ST. JAMES' Chronicle for Tuesday, March 23, 1762, there was printed an announcement of an exhibition of the Society of Manufactures, Art and Commerce. Immediately

underneath this notice was a punning, irresponsible and facetious imitation of it, inviting the public to the Grand Exhibition of the Society of Sign Painters. London was thereupon divided into two camps: those who took the Sign-Painters' exhibition seriously and inveighed bitterly against it, as a burlesque of the show given by the more dignified society, and those who willingly paid their shilling to roar at and with the clever wags who had perpetrated it. This Sign-Painters' exhibition was the work of Bonnell Thornton, aided and abetted by Hogarth, credited on the program with the chairmanship of the *hanging* committee. When some serious-minded defender of the sacred Society of Art printed a bitter attack upon the burlesque exhibition, the Sign Painters would print underneath it a very gracious expression of thanks for the advertisement. It was as impossible for one of the Society of Art's champions to score against the Sign Painters as it is for the big man in the vaudeville act to do any serious injury to his diminutive but agile partner. The little man dodges and the big man falls.

The attitude of the eighteenth-century public

Correggio, Watteau, Chardin are three of the many famous artists who may once have been called "sign painters"

PERRIN JOYCE

in England towards the sign painter is clear enough from the drawing in which Hogarth himself, arch defender of the burlesque exhibition, shows him as a ragged wretch standing on a ladder

with his bottle of spirits swinging from the sign-board frame. Diderot, we remember, when he wished to insult a painter called him a "peintre d'enseigne." And yet, were some energetic collector to attempt a sign-painters' exhibition today, he might summon a dazzling array of names to confound the skeptical. Were he to arrange his show according to the nationality of the artists, he might present in the British section the names of Millais, Hogarth, Leslie, the sculptor Grinling Gibbons, David Cox and old Crome. Among the Frenchmen would be Watteau, Greuze, Chardin, Gavarni and Carolus-Duran. Paul Potter and Holbein would stand for Dutch and German art and America would be represented by West.

Hogarth painted many signs. His "Man Loaded with Mischief" was hung before an ale-house in Oxford street, London, and copies of it were used on many rural inns in England. It was copied by at least one American tavern, and by a French hostelry where it bore the title, "Le Trio de Malice." This famous sign bears no signature save the satirical one: "Painted by Experience; Engraved by Sorrow;" but drawing, subject and

signature point without question to Hogarth. The picture shows a man "loaded with mischief or matrimony," a padlock marked "wedlock" about his neck; a monkey, a magpie and a wife upon his shoulders. The wife holds a glass marked "gin" and the background shows a pothouse on one side and a pawnbroker's on the other.

Sometimes an artist painted a sign after his reputation was well established; and then we may assume he did it for the sake of the huge fee paid him. Benjamin West is said to have been offered five hundred dollars for a sign painted in his youth, and the fee paid for painting "The Three Crowns" sign for the *Waterloo Inn* on Kings Highway, Salisbury Township, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, must have been substantial.

Frequently an artist painted a sign early in his career which, when he became famous, took on the value of a legitimate painting. Prud'hon's sign for a hatter, painted when he was fourteen years of age, was later hung in the *École des Beaux Arts*. Chardin at about the same age was commissioned by a barber-surgeon, his father's friend, to paint a sign twelve feet by three. He executed the task with enthusiasm but with little regard for the dual professions of his employer and when it was finished took it by night to the gentleman's house and hung it before the door to escape his censure. We may be pardoned a degree of skepticism when we read that the tonsorial surgeon was awakened next morning by the crowd which had collected to admire the sign. Holbein's sign for a pedagogue whose school he attended in his youth now hangs in a place of honor



"THE SIGN PAINTER"

BY HOGARTH

in the art museum at Basle, Switzerland.

There were many ne'er-do-wells who were glad to "use their brushes to paint out tavern bills." Morland and Ibbetson were among the vagabond English artists who wiped out inn scores with brush and paint. The four thousand pictures bearing the signature of George Morland can have brought him little profit since he took to sign painting; and certainly they were neither the cause nor the effect of sobriety since he wrote as his own epitaph: "Here lies a drunken dog." His "Goat in Boots" sign was much copied throughout England.

Occasionally an artist of established reputation would honor his favorite inn by painting a sign gratis. David Cox did this for a Welsh tavern which he frequently visited, *The Royal Oak*. Watteau painted a sign for the picture dealer, Gersaint, out of friendship and "to limber up his stiff old fingers" in 1720, shortly before his death, French critics have doubted the authenticity of the sign,

claiming that it was executed by Watteau's pupils from sketches which he made but Frederic the

Great's agent in Paris purchased it as a genuine Watteau for his master and it was still in the possession of the German royal family before the late war. Watteau is also said to have painted a sign for a milliner on the Pont Notre Dame but this has not been preserved. Carolus-Duran, himself an enthusiastic fencer, painted a sign for his *maître d'armes* which was exhibited at the *Beaux Arts* in 1901 before it took up its humbler duties as an advertisement.

Even sculptors would be represented in our suppositious



SIGNBOARD OF "THE THREE CROWNS"
BY BENJAMIN WEST

exhibition of sign making. A fine stone bas-relief which once decorated the front of a Paris cabaret in the Rue aux Feves, called "La Chaste Susanne," was said to be the work of Jean Goujon. The British sculptor, Grinling Gibbons, who carved the choir stalls in St. Paul's Cathedral, could send at least one piece to our show. It would be the famous sign of *Ye Olde Cock Tavern* in Fleet street, London.

Holland's contribution would be the "Jonge Stier," said to have been painted for a butcher by Paul Potter. From Italy we would secure at least one Correggio, whose "Mule and Muleteer," now in the Sutherland collection, was painted as an inn sign. The sign of the *White Horse Inn* in a village near Paris, the work of Guericault, Greuze's "Enseigne du Huron" executed for a tobacco merchant and various signs by Gavarni would give us three illustrious French names. Among the lesser lights in England we would find many with an R.A. or an R.S. after their names and even a few knightly artists would find places in our international exhibition of sign painters. At Wargrave there is a sign painted on one side by G. D. Leslie, R.A., showing the combat between St. George and the Dragon, and on the other by J. D. Hodgson, R.S., showing the saintly knight, when the combat was at an end, slaking his thirst with a cooling draught. The elder Crome, who began his career as errand boy to a doctor, became apprenticed to a house and sign painter and one of his signs, "The Sawyers," is in the possession of the Anchor Brewery, Pockthorpe, Norwich. Millais painted another "St. George" for *Vidler's Inn*, Hayes, Kent; Sir Charles Ross a sign for the *Magpie* at Sudbury and Her-



"MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF"

BY HOGARTH

ring a "Flying Dutchman" and a "White Lion," the latter still bearing his signature.



"COCK"

BY GRINLING GIBBONS

An amusing story is told of Harlow, pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. To pay a bill he painted a sign at New Inn Lane, Epsom, using the figure of Queen Charlotte and signed it: "T. L., Greek Street, Soho." When Sir Thomas heard of this, he flew into a rage, saying that if Barlow were not a scoundrel, he would kick him from one end of the street to the other. Passing over the obscurity of Sir Thomas' logic (for who should be kicked, if not a scoundrel?) we must laugh at the impudence of Harlow's reply. He merely remarked that if Sir Thomas should make up his mind to it, he hoped he would choose a short street.



SIGN OF THE "GOAT IN BOOTS"
BY MORLAND



ABOVE: SIGN OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH"

LEFT: SIGN OF "THE RUNNING FOOTMAN"

Most of the signs now obtainable for our exhibition would be those of inns and the reason for this can only be given in a little summary of signboard history. Before houses were numbered, every shop and many houses had signs. With the keenness of competition, these signs grew to enormous size, usually extending across the street. By day they shut out the light of the sun and by night they dimmed the rays from such street lamps as there were. On stormy nights it was as much as a man's life was worth to pass down a dark, ill-paved street with these huge signs, blown by the wind, threatening to knock him down. We complain of a signboard evil as a menace to the esthetic sense of our countrymen and because billboards cut off the beauties of nature, but the signboards of our ancestors offered a tangible menace. "It must have been humiliating," writes the author of an article on signboards, "for a knight, back from the war, to be knocked over by a blue lion or a green monkey dropping on his noble head, just as he was entering his native city flushed with the pride of conquest." So government decreed that signs must be fastened parallel

to the street, on the balconies or sides of houses; they were not to extend into the road more than a few inches, if at all. And when the numbering of houses became general, they were forbidden

altogether except on inns. Inn signs therefore survived long after the signs of tradesmen and professional men were things of the past; and where they do not survive, on country inns, they are often revived by present day landlords.

The strange names on these old signs puzzle and amuse us. Sometimes these combinations are accounted for by the fact that the landlord, leaving one inn and moving to another, combined the names of both the old and the new hostelry; thus we have the *Angel and Still*, the *Bible and Peacock*, the *Blue Peruke and Star*.

If our scenery to-day must be shut off by advertisements, even as the light of

day was shut out by the trade emblems of a bygone day, wouldn't it be some consolation to know that a meadow or a brook was obscured by a contemporary Watteau, Holbein or Chardin? It all depends upon whether or not you like to take your Nature straight or with oil paint on the side.



SIGN FOR HIS MAÎTRE D'ARMES

BY CAROLUS-DURAN

ART *and* OTHER THINGS By GUY
EGLINGTON

A MONTH or so ago, Stefan Hirsch drove me up through New England, and, as we passed through Worcester and had never seen the Museum, though we had heard a great deal about it, we broke our journey. (Hirsch, I may say, had a further reason for visiting Worcester in that the Museum had recently bought one of his paintings.)

I confess that I was a little dubious about the whole business. Of course I knew from photographs that Worcester possessed fine things, but that can be said of many museums. Of Boston, for instance, where the Indian and Chinese departments are alone worth the journey, even if one leave out of account the superb Romanesque fresco installed a couple of years ago, the El Greco, the Velasquez, the Delacroix, the Blake illustrations to Milton. . . . But no one would have the temerity to claim that Boston as a museum leaves on the sensitive visitor a single clear impression, or indeed any strong sensation whatever beyond that of fatigue. No, Boston may be a storehouse for works of art, but as a museum, if by a museum we mean a thing so planned as to contain within itself the principles of its own growth, a living representation of the history of art, it is simply non-existent.

Now this was precisely the excellence which we had heard claimed for Worcester, that it was, out and beyond the quality of individual pieces, a museum in the word's finest sense. There we might expect to find, if not a profusion of treasures, at least a collection of picked pieces, well shown. Against expectation, we were not disappointed. On the contrary, not only were all the virtues for which we had hoped present, but the compensating vices, the rooms on rooms of trash which no one wants, but which has to be left on view for fear of offending some trustee or rich benefactor, were happily missing. In contrast with the majority of museums, where the results of purchase by committee, caution and compromise, are everywhere evident, at Worcester one might easily imagine oneself in the private gallery of a distinguished amateur, to whom his pictures stand in the place of children.

The first things which we asked to see were of course the two large thirteenth-century frescoes which were reproduced in *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for July. If you overlooked them at the time, which you may easily have done, you should look them up. They are well worth studying, even in reproduction. At Worcester they are hung at either side of a wide bay off the stairway, where

they have ample light and space. With admirable tact the director has declined to place any other works in competition with them, so that they can be studied undisturbed. And certainly they make a profound impression. To some extent I was prepared, through having seen the details in the office of *Art in America*, but if the compositions were already familiar, I had not dared to hope to find the surface in so fine a condition, the color so clear and singing.

The fresco of the "Crucifixion" appears to me in conception what one might term humanized Byzantine. That is, its positive values are still Byzantine, values of spacing, symbols ordered through centuries into a coherent, hieratic, amazingly majestic design. Onto this formal scheme, as impersonal as the Catholic Mass and itself liturgical in essence, the Roman artist imposed what one may call the symbols of emotion, the fainting Madonna, the sad downcast eyes of the St. John, introduced the figure of the Magdalene to right, the Marys and others to left. The composition can not be said to gain by the additions. Something of majesty has gone and the added emotions are rather described than expressed. Progress was hardly possible along those lines, though Duccio, himself a consummate master of space, evolved new compositions that were full of humanity yet sacrificed little of majesty. That he was enabled to do so is due to that group of artists which centred around Cimabue, who, adhering more closely to the scheme of Byzantine composition, seized the human figure at its centre and wrought it into a more powerfully dynamic whole. But of this movement the master of the Worcester "Crucifixion" shows little knowledge.

The fresco of the "Last Supper," on the other hand, is at once more conservative and more truly revolutionary. In place of attacking tradition from the outside, changing here and there a gesture, introducing new figures into a perfectly balanced composition—a process which in the case of an art erected on a symbolical, liturgical basis can only end in confusion and so finally in reaction—the master of the "Last Supper" has retained the old design, reinforcing if anything its significance as symbol. But whereas the Byzantine scheme was based on the elaborate convention of a flat surface, split up into a number of areas of flat color, meticulously spaced and interrelated to evoke the ideas of height and depth, the figures of the Apostles in this fresco, though still, by contrast with the later creations of a Giotto, two-

dimensional, are seen to be no longer animated solely by their outline, by their spacial relation, that is, to the other portions of the composition, but are conceived and take life from their centre.

This has the air of being a hard saying, but its truth and, better, its implications can easily be grasped by allowing the eye to travel slowly from the base of the composition, up and down the folds in the cloth, among the array of early Christian symbols on the table, which the artist has woven, almost playfully, into a delightful still-life (surely an exquisite draughtsman) to arrive—with what a shock—at the group of apostles. It is like the sudden advent of a storm on a calm sea. The figures have the air of being clamped down into a frame, which their own dynamic force threatens every moment to break. Above them the figure of the Christ—how different from the drooping Christ of the “Crucifixion,” herald of our latter-day sentimentality—rises majestic.

New wine has been poured into the old bottles; and I have often thought how splendid a spectacle it were, could one but see the struggles of the old bottle as it fought to contain the young and still fermenting wine. The outcome is certain, the bottle is doomed. But the interval while it still holds—the old perfected form, the new spirit—perfectly balanced, that is the thirteenth century, a balance of great forces, which Giotto, and I can never quite forgive him for it, broke.

The collection of Primitives, which we were next shown, is a most stimulating group. A mere recital of names will hardly reveal its qualities, for it is evident that every picture was chosen on its merits, quite apart from the possibility of attributing it to a great master. And this is no small virtue.

There is then a thirteenth-century “Last Judgment” (catalogued as Italo-Byzantine from Umbria or Tuscany), an early thirteenth-century crucifix of the school of Lucca, which is given to Bonaventura Berlinghieri, a Guido da Siena “Madonna,” a Giottesque “Crucifixion” given to Spinello Aretino, an exquisite little fourteenth-century “Madonna and Child with Saints,” given to that *terra incognita*, the School of the Marches, a “Saint Agnes” by Lippo Memmi, a Stefano da Zevio “Madonna of the Rose Garden,” a “Madonna” attributed variously to Masolino and Antonio Vivarini, a Montagna, and an Antonio da Viterbo “Adoration,” a French fifteenth-century “Madonna and Child with Saint and Donor,” and a small group of early Flemish, Spanish and Catalan pictures.

I find it difficult to write about the “Last Judgment,” as, in spite of obvious qualities, it

fails to move me. A panel two feet square, it has the air of being a fresco composition rendered in miniature. In the centre is Christ in a mandorla, flanked by four angels, the two upper holding the symbols of the Passion, the two lower the trumpet of the Resurrection and an open scroll, on which are pictured the sun and moon. At the foot of the composition, to left and right, are grouped the blessed and the damned. Above the mandorla are the heads of the Virgin and Saint John. In detail it convinces, but I find it almost impossible to relate the various parts. It strikes me rather as an essay in the Byzantine manner than as truly Byzantine in spirit.

The Lucca “Crucifixion,” reproduced here, is quite another matter, can stand with the greatest. Worcester could well afford to be represented by such a masterpiece. Look, I beg you, only at the form of the Christ, follow the outline, if you will, along the outstretched arm, let the eye dwell a moment on the face, then travel slowly down the length of the body. . . . Set the page at a distance. Half close the eyes. Do not *look*, but let the image burn itself slowly into the brain. Within his iron cage of laws, laws of design and laws of religion, how free he is, how direct, how intense. The expression of the arms, as though Christ were using his last strength to stretch them out still further, in an universal embrace. The tenderness of the head, how simply expressed in the shadows beneath the eyelids, the line of the mouth, the lock of hair that falls on the left shoulder. The grace and nobility of the body's lines. When we turn to the minor figures, the Virgin and Saint John at either side, the Magdalene at the cross' foot, catching the blood as it drips from the sacred wounds, the kneeling donors, the contrast is so great that one is almost shocked. The provincial painter who raised himself onto his toes to do honor to Christ is a provincial painter once more, charming, naïve, competent, but where did he get his wings? But therein is contained the whole history of Luccan art in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Architects, sculptors, painters, you can hardly find a great master among them, but they all stood on their toes when they had to.

After such a work one fears anti-climax, but happily there is the Guido da Siena “Madonna” hanging nearby, magnificent in design. Indeed in the whole room there is hardly a weak spot. One pauses before the “Saint Agnes” of Lippo Memmi, admiring its suavity, the calm flow of its lines, the exquisite lamb which she holds in her arms. Passes on to the “Madonna of the Rose Garden” of the Veronese Stefano da Zevio, to be reminded

how deeply indebted were the northerners to the art of the French miniaturists and tapestry weavers. If one saw this panel first in reproduction, one would say surely a tapestry. It is almost too rich in texture, too gracious in line. Two and twenty angels kneeling, standing, flying over a ground of roses. The interplay of their lines suggests a dance, a courtly minuet. It is very lovely, almost perfect, but one is glad that the Vivarini "Madonna" is at hand to remind one that there are other things in art of which the French miniaturists knew nothing.

But one French picture there is in the room which must arrest attention, if only by its prevailing tone of brilliant red on a black ground, and masterly spacing. This is a "Madonna and Child with Saint and Donor." A most interesting article contributed by Mr. V. de Put of the Victoria and Albert Museum to the *Worcester Museum Bulletin* (April, 1923) identifies the saint as Pierre de Luxembourg, the boy cardinal, who died, it will be remembered, at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon at the age of eighteen. Mr. de Put thinks it probable that the donor was one of the house of Luxembourg, possibly Pierre first count of St. Pol de Luxembourg, who died in 1433. In this case it should not be impossible to trace the author of the picture, a matter of considerable interest in view of the mingled Sienese and Flemish influences. As usual in such cases the heads are far superior to the bodies. What is not so common is to find a hybrid artist with so fine a sense of spacial values.

In the large gallery everything looks pale beside a magnificent Goya portrait, brilliant in blue and scarlet. And "everything" includes a Reynolds, two Gainsboroughs, two Hogarths, a Moroni, a Jan de Bray and a Nicolaus Maes. It is a picture which defies analysis, nor can one easily put one's finger on its greatness. It is a portrait—perfectly honest portrait. The ecclesiastic—Don Fray Miguel Fernandez—sits in his chair, hands in lap, with just that degree of discomfort which is proper for sitters. The minimum of arrangement—the minimum probably of sit-



CRUCIFIX ATTRIBUTED TO BONAVENTURA BERLINGHIERI, SCHOOL OF LUCCA, THIRTEENTH CENTURY. In the Worcester Museum of Art

tings. His Grace is transferred bodily to canvas. And yet it is as unmistakably a work of art as was ever fashioned. It fairly sings. How is it done? The secret lies not in the composition. There is nothing strange in that. Nor yet in the color, despite its brilliance. But there is not a square inch of that canvas which, if one found it on a scrap heap, one would not willingly treasure. Pigment in Goya's hands becomes something more than pigment, becomes translucent, combines in itself the qualities of water, of air, of precious stones, takes on the properties of life. The surface of his canvas fairly trembles with life.

For full five minutes the Goya blinded me to everything else in the room, and then I became aware of the Hogarths. Two portraits, the well-to-do Squire William James and his wife. A little more artifice than the Goya—how he must have pondered the left arm of the Mrs. James before daring that exquisite gesture, the bare arm rising out of the full sleeve to curve at her wrist and droop in a shower of graceful fingers. Yet the impression is not one of affectation, but affectation is made to heighten the impression of life.

Nearby there is a Reynolds "Mother and

Child," an unfinished oil sketch, more free in drawing than he allowed himself to be in his finished works. In revenge the extent of his debt to the Italians is only emphasized thereby. He was haunted—too haunted I can't help feeling. I don't believe in his "Mother and Child." Nor, to speak the truth, do I believe in Gainsborough's daughters, another fine canvas which hangs in the same room. Only twenty-six years later than the Hogarths (1770 against 1744) and already artifice—marvelous artifice it's true—has turned life out of doors. The eighteenth was a spacious century in England and I can't help feeling that its artists, if one excepts Hogarth, gave a very distorted picture of it.

The gallery of early American portraits would make an article in itself. Blackburn, Copley, Dunlap, Durant, both Earls, Fulton, Inman, Charles Willson Peale, Sharples, Smibert, Stuart, Sully, Trumbull and West are all represented. I was particularly glad to see that Ralph Earl, for whom I have always had a great respect, is appreciated in his own country. There are no less than three portraits and a landscape in the big gallery and the museum has recently acquired a fourth portrait. This last, of Henry Pendleton, is a splendid piece of work and proves that naïveté, as exemplified by the early portrait of William Carpenter, was not Earl's only trump card.

And so we come to the Americans of the last century, to Fuller (represented by the famous "Winifred Dysart"), to Wyant, to Inness ("A Pool in the Woods," 1892), to Ryder ("Pegasus Arriving"), to Homer (represented best by the group of water colors), to Whistler ("the Fur Jacket"), to Twachtman (one of the finest of his waterfalls), to Thayer (the bowl of roses that was in the Memorial Exhibition). These are all too well known to need comment. They form a goodly group, all the easier to enjoy, since there is but one of each, and that one in most cases a good example.

Finally a small but select group of the nineteenth-century French school. Monet ("Waterloo Bridge"), Redon ("Spring"), Gauguin ("La Femme Accroupie"), Dufresne. . . . The collection grows slowly, admitting only first-rate examples. With the moderns little more than a beginning has been made.*

I must not forget to mention the sculpture, although here I have no documents to jog my memory. In the room of the Primitives I remember most clearly a group of Gothic wood figures,

*We found Hirsch's "New England Town" in the Recent Accessions Room, looking very austere beside a Magnasco. We were both rather relieved to find that it looked so well.

which are not only in themselves of great beauty, but serve to break up the walls and so prevent the pictures from quarreling amongst themselves. Wholly admirable too is the small gallery of Far-Eastern sculpture, Chinese, Khmer, Indian, Meroitic. . . . And in case you are as ignorant of Meroë and Meroitic art as myself, I advise buying a copy of the *Bulletin* for October, 1922, in which is a most interesting article by Ella I. Simons on a bas-relief of "Prince Arikharer Slaying His Enemies." You will probably be as surprised as I was that anything so vigorous, challenging comparison almost with the bas-reliefs of ancient Assyria, came out of the Sudan, and in the first century, B.C.

Worcester owes its success to two things: first to the principle which it has always followed of accepting none but unconditional gifts; secondly, its courage in eliminating everything which has played its part, all that is redundant. By the first it has lost, perhaps, a few fine things but it has saved itself from the fate of almost every other museum in the country, that of having to crowd its walls with mediocrity, hung there not for the sake of art, but to perpetuate a rich man's name. By the second it has been enabled to rectify its own mistakes, to buy courageously, knowing that if time prove the purchase ill-advised, it can sell.

But courage lands people in difficulty, and so one is not surprised to hear an outcry among artists and in the press that Worcester is selling off its Americans to buy Primitives. Worcester argues thus: We are a small museum. We can either own, say one thousand pictures, of which eight hundred mediocrities kill the remaining two hundred, or we can have two hundred picked pieces, which be both seen and enjoyed. If the latter, we can not afford the luxury of duplicates, even from motives of patriotism. In cases therefore where we have two pictures by one artist, we will sell the lesser of the two in the interests of the greater. Thus we will sell Fuller's "Girl Driving Turkeys" and hang his "Winifred Dysart" in the place of honor.

To me the argument appears unanswerable, even when it results in the sacrifice of a great work of art, such as El Greco's "Christ in the House of Mary and Martha." There remains still the Greco's "Magdalene."

But then, I compute wealth somewhat differently from the general. To me wealth which can not be enjoyed, which figures only on balance sheets, has an uncomfortable air of abstraction. Worcester's virtue is that her assets are real assets, her pictures are excellently lighted and excellently hung.



"THINE ETERNAL HILLS"

by

Benjamin G. Brown

MODERN FRENCH CHURCHES

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, although so uncompromising in the matter of dogma, is a great deal more tolerant than many would give her credit for in regulating the practice of her

cult. Far from being hostile to the spirit of evolution the Roman Catholic liturgy, on the contrary, has always lent itself to the modifications necessitated by circumstances, and has always found a way of adapting itself to the material exigencies of the life of the day. During the whole of the nineteenth century, religious architecture, and for that matter civil architecture as well, gave no proof of any sort of originality, church building remained under an influence vaguely reminiscent of the classic period, and this debased classic style finally reached such a point that to apply to it no harsher a term than "inartistic" would be to treat it more indulgently than it deserved.

About thirty years ago, however, a reaction began to set in against what was called "the style of the Place St. Sulpice," the St. Sulpice quarter of Paris being the centre of the dealers in religious objects. One of the most vehement instigators of this reaction was the well-known Catholic writer J. K. Huysmans, who wrote that the ugliness of objects or instruments used in the service of religion was "the revenge of the Devil." This reform has, today, increased in such proportions that associations have been created to put into action the ideas of its supporters. Among these associa-

Three reinforced concrete structures which combine old styles in ecclesiastic architecture with new traditions

Jean-Gabriel LEMOINE

tions are the "Society of St. John" and that of the "Friends of Liturgic Art," whose work it is to help in the reconciliation of art and religion, and recently two Catholic painters of no

mean value, Maurice Denis and Desvallières, have founded the "Studio of Sacred Art" where interesting pieces of work have been executed. We have not the space to describe at length these institutions whose role is destined to become still more important since in the regions ravaged by the war there are so many churches to be rebuilt and redecorated. What we wish to do here is to demonstrate the fact that importance lies not so much in the detached effort of a few Christian artists in France as in the latest church buildings

designed by certain architects who have attempted to solve this problem of the construction of churches destined to house the old faith in a modern dwelling-place, and who seem to have succeeded in their endeavor.

The most striking and original of these attempts is the church recently built at Le Raincy, near Paris, by the Perret brothers, architects of the Champs-Élysées Theatre. As in the case of the theatre, the church at Le Raincy has been built of reinforced concrete, and if the severity of the style is a little surprising, it possesses at any rate one quality that demonstrates its relationship with the great works of the past, its lines are simple and perfectly proportioned. The decision of the architects with regard

CHURCH AT LE RAINCY

PERRET BROTHERS, ARCHITECTS





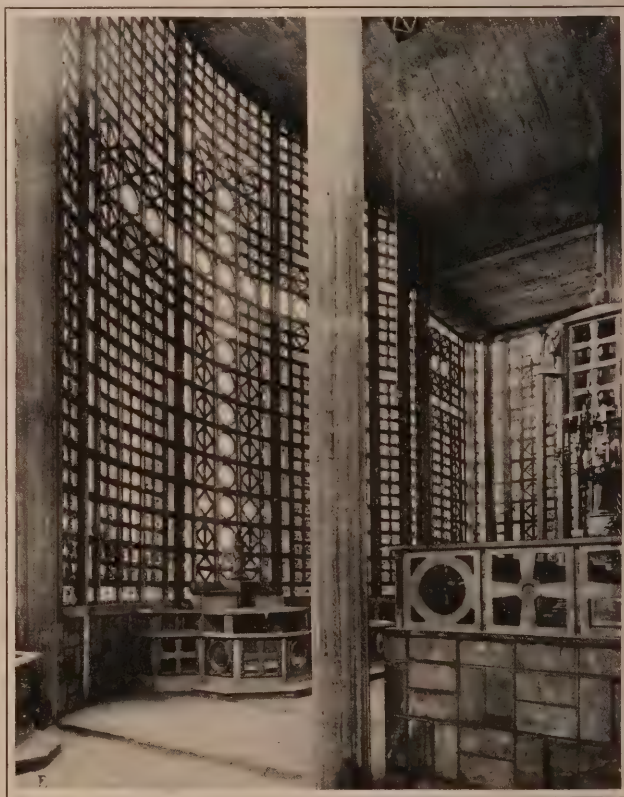
to the profile this church should present has resulted in something of quite a novel aspect. Columns are arranged all the way up the spire like the pipes in an organ, the louver boards and the apertures which admit the light are decorated with picturesque designs which serve to break the monotonous line of the spire, and all these are characteristic points in the scheme of the exterior. But it is in the interior of the building that the originality of the architects reaches its climax. The inside of the church of Le Raincy resembles nothing so much as a huge lantern with its windows set in the reinforced concrete. The only thing with which one might reproach this construction is that in it one quality has perhaps been exaggerated, the quality of simplicity, and this has given it a rather bare effect. The architects have set a problem and have solved it, but the construction of an edifice is something more than a problem, particularly when this edifice happens to be a church, and science might sometimes descend from its pedestal and become a little more human.

The aspect of this church, which is somewhat crude, angular and Cubist, certainly appeals more to the intellect than to the heart, and the faithful who go there to worship would have some reason in feeling slightly ill at ease if the light which is distrib-

uted with a subtle harmony through the windows did not constitute a compensation—it is as well to recognize the fact—for what one might be tempted to call the work of the engineer by making a strong appeal to the artistic instincts. The stained glass windows, for whose conception we are indebted to Maurice Denis, depict events of contemporary history (one of the subjects, for instance, deals with the taxicab incident of the Battle of the Ourcq in 1914) and the symbolism contained in them is easily comprehensible. The tone of the windows proceeds by a graduation of colors from yellow to orange, orange to violet, violet to blue, the color of the Virgin Mary, and thus is suggested an ambiance through which one passes from a spirit of lively joyousness to one of mystic meditation.

If there is any foundation for the fear that public opinion may accuse the Perret brothers for having designed a church illuminated by the clear daylight, and thus destroyed the tradition of dim religious light always associated with devotional edifices, the same reproach could not be brought against Messrs. Marrast & Droz. The church for whose construction they are responsible is being erected

ABOVE AND BELOW: INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE CHURCH AT LE RAINCY, PERRET BROTHERS, ARCHITECTS



at Vincennes, a district situated just outside the gates of Paris. This church, which is not yet completed, will be dedicated to the memory of St. Louis, the good king, of whom the legend runs that it was his pleasure to dispense justice in a familiar unceremonious fashion seated under an oak in the Bois de Vincennes. The monument that will be thus raised is an impressive pile of masonry whose exterior form has been strongly influenced by the Romanesque churches to be found in the old province of Poitou, and by the Byzantine churches. The use of reinforced concrete as a medium has permitted the setting up of four huge interpenetrating arches in which is set an octagonal lantern, through which falls the light. The surroundings here are more mysterious and lend themselves better to meditation than in the church first described. Nevertheless, the modern character of the building is very evident not only in the materials used, but in the details of the decoration which include, in particular, some frescoes by Henry Marrat and some ceramics by Daum, ornamenting the pulpit and the altar. The tones of the blue and white ceramics, in both cases drowned in a



CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIQUE, RUE DE LA TOMBE-ISSOIRE, PARIS
LEON GAUDIBERT, ARCHITECT

INTERIOR, CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIQUE



background of gold, recall the terra-cottas of Della Robbia, the modern ceramist having nothing to fear from such a comparison. A fresco executed by the Studio of Christian Art is to decorate the apse of the church. Heavy curtains, embroidered in the same way as a dalmatic, will cut off the altar from the walls. These vari-colored hangings, such as the liturgy prescribes in the case of sacerdotal vestments for the different feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical calendar, will bear in their ornamentation a sad or joyous note, which will give to the church a periodical change of physiognomy.

It is perhaps in its decoration that we touch the weak point in the Church of Saint Dominique in the rue de la Tombe-Issuire, Paris, built by M. Gaudibert, which was completed early in 1924. This decoration, lack of resources being doubtless responsible, will be composed of a band having no special religious significance but simply designed to emphasize the general lines of the architecture. The style is here again a clever adaptation of the Byzantine and Romanesque styles. The most successful part of the building, and that into which the architect seems to have put the best of himself, would appear to be the cupola of which the arch and corbel treatment give an impression of solidity and strength rather rare



this and give the building the effect of being well adapted to its purpose. The old churches seem to be impregnated with a kind of spirituality which comes from their long use in the same service.

These three examples chosen from among the most characteristic of the most recent religious constructions in France, prove that the master builders of today lack neither science nor talent to adapt the most modern solutions to the old problem "of the dwelling place of light" as the Scriptures have it, a problem which seeks ever more beautiful solutions in the eyes of men to the end that the house which is built for God

in reinforced concrete by giving to the mass an impression of balance which satisfies both the eye and the mind. There are still other details worthy of comment, and among them is the altar to the Virgin, above which rises a statue very Romanesque in treatment, though at the same time very modern. M. Gaudibert has exercised a gift of selection in his use of modern materials which does him credit, his desire being to prove that it was possible without in any way changing the spirit of religion to weave it a vestment in the tissue of modern times. And he has succeeded quite well in his demonstration, even if not, perhaps, in such a striking way as the brothers Perret. The only thing with which he can be reproached is that the purpose of the edifice is not sufficiently imprinted on each element of its construction, and that this church does not give an unmistakable impression of its mission but might, without much alteration, be used as a lecture-hall, a cinema or a school. Time and use will doubtless rectify

shall be nearer perfection than the houses they provide for themselves.



ABOVE AND RIGHT: THE CHURCH OF
ST. LOUIS, VINCENNES
MARRAST AND DRUZ, ARCHITECTS



"NOAH'S ARK"

HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

HOOKED RUGS *for* TAPESTRIES

IN A QUIET garden where ancient boxwood trees bank their green against moss-grown stones of a tall, spare house; where perennials flaunt their myriad colors in scapegrace fashion, a conjurer sits and broods, like the magicians of old. Over the hilltop and into the valley where the Delaware flashes its blue and gray the conjurer gazes. And then translates in a peculiar fashion such scenes as pass. All the greens and the yellows, the reds and the purples are set to work. The thousand and one tints of the earth and sky are unfolded. Imagination runs rife. The little dramas of the life thereabouts are put down in this history. And the history, taking concrete form, tells of all that is old and all that is new; all that in nature lies. Such are the rugs that Mary Perkins weaves.

Hooked rugs they are and an indefinable charm of old colonial days is wrought into them. Yet Mary Perkins' rugs are nothing if not modern. Retaining all the quaint simplicity of the old,

Mary Perkins has made the old-time craft of hooking rugs a modern form of artistic expression

F. ARLINE de HAAS

they are present-day decorations of high order, colorful, brilliant, even dramatic. Just as in the modern "colonial" house every detail of Georgian architecture is employed, so these modern

rugs are built on the foundation of the old. And as the architect utilizes all new devices, Mary Perkins supplies modern color and design to the rugs she weaves.

These rugs are purely decorative. Their name belies their usage, for they are really tapestries, well suited to modern decoration. They are so rare and distinctive that they are fit for museum pieces building American tradition through American art. And Mary Perkins is first and last an artist. A painter of note who turned for expression to a unique field where she finds opportunity for delicate harmonies of color. She never uses the conventional, standardized designs of the early specimens but creates pictures with long strings of colored cloth and a hook.

Sometimes the pictures are imaginative, some-



"THE CIRCUS"

HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

times real. As, for instance, the "Noah's Ark" rug and one not yet finished, the "Auction Sale." The "Noah's Ark" rug is purely imaginative, with a scintillating touch of humor characteristic of the artist. Here Mary Perkins has depicted the ark resting on a dull brown mountain top. The animals parade two by two down the hill. Elephants, tigers, giraffes and lions stalk gravely from their seafaring home. A little red fox, who can no longer stand the strain of balked curiosity, has left the group and peers about the turn of the hill to see what is happening on the other side. And the crowning touch is the pair of brown bears mincing sedately on their hind legs, their forepaws apathetically crossed over their rounded bellies. There is a splendid spotting of color, a harmony of design and a vividness of action. This tapestry is one of the first productions of the artist and is now owned by Mrs. Stanley Perkins of Germantown.

The "Auction Sale" is a picture of life in the Pennsylvania hills. Here Mary Perkins has shown with vivid reality what might be termed a tragic-comedy. There is the old farmhouse, the furniture going under the auctioneer's hammer. The blue-shirted farmers, complete with lumbering black boots and the inevitable hayseed, are there. And the children, all unwitting, play about, enjoying tremendously the entire procedure. Here is a spontaneous composition, active, full of human emotion. And always the gorgeous colorings, so brilliant yet so soft that it seems as though a silver web were woven over all.

"THE LITTLE GIRLS' PARTY"

HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS



Two fascinating tapestries are those of "The Garden Party," exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago, and "The Little Girls' Party," owned by Mrs. Robert H. Montgomery of New York. They are bright, sparkling rugs, free from any methodical lines, pure in color, decorative in design.



"THE GARDEN PARTY"

HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

The "Circus" rug is a fantastic picture, with animals, flying acrobats, trained horses, ring-master and clowns. The figures swaying in the air make rhythmic curved lines, sweeping with a downward motion, paralleling the tent top, linking the various groups. In this tapestry, too, is that same delightful quality of light, bright color, with the silver haze. The multitude of figures is so balanced, the colors so spaced, that details are subordinated to the whole. Miss Perkins has produced only one landscape and that is a Delaware River valley conception. Quite as fine as any painted landscape it is and indeed with more vibration of color than is to be found in many oils.

The vibration of color is one great note in all these tapestries, and Mary Perkins finds her inspiration for color in her garden. The cloth she dyes herself with special dyes, drying it in the sun. Strips an inch wide are cut from the dyed material and heaped in baskets. The frame, generally two and a half by three feet, is set up and a canvas stretched thereon and Mary Perkins sets to work. She weaves in a spot of color here and there as a painter "spots" his painting. Then gradually the picture begins to take form. Many times the

spots are taken out as the painting grows and a new color substituted. Working slowly as she does, the artist completes a rug in from six to eight months.

An interesting note is the manner in which the faces of some of the characters are made. In many instances a piece of pink and white striped material has been used, so that the eye, blending the two colors, sees a natural flesh tint. By a variety of such methods this artist achieves her distinctive quality of color vibration and tone harmony. These tapestries are rare indeed—so rare that there has been only one really complete exhibition of them, that shown in the Arden Galleries in New York a year ago. They are indicative of the time, a very worthwhile indication, for not only are they representative of the tendencies in art, but they have absorbed into themselves rich memories that make for tradition. They follow the trend of the day, for we are not bound and limited by the past although we treasure the wealth of tradition and inspiration which is our inheritance. Now we begin to build, firm and confident. Choosing the best of all that has gone before and adding our own contribution to art.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

INDIAN PAINTING UNDER THE MUGHALS: A. D. 1550 TO 1750. By Percy Brown, Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. Price, \$35.

THE ART of painting in India in its two forms is generally known to Western students through reproductions of the cave pictures of Ajanta and Bagh and from actual examples in our museums of the so-called miniatures. These combinations of caligraphic and pictorial art have been familiar to European artists since extraordinary revival of interest in them as an art-inspiration in the work of Leon Bakst both as a figure painter and a designer of ballet costumes, Dulac likewise having sought in them the imagery and grace for his Oriental illustrations. But of these illustrated pages from books which the miniatures are in fact, there is little exact knowledge among art lovers and the esteem in which the writing on these pages was originally held is too little understood since to Orientals the calligraphy was held as of first importance with the illustrations secondary, a viewpoint reversed with us.

Thus it is for the reason that Percy Brown's admirable work on Indian painting throws so much light on this subject that his volume must be of first importance to those interested in these illustrated book-pages which we usually see in glass cases in museums with the occasional greater privilege, in some private collection, of handling them for more intimate study. Mr. Brown nowhere assumes in his text that the reader knows this art familiarly nor its history well. He begins at the beginning, when the Mogul emperors invaded India from Central Asia in the middle of the sixteenth century, and follows the tale of the development into the two schools (Mughal, or Mohammedan form of art, and Rajput, or Hindu), through to its decline with the power of the Mughal empire in the middle of the eighteenth century. He tells of the enormous number of miniatures that were made, why so many of them were destroyed, and notes the growth of the appreciation of them in Europe from the days of Dürer and Rembrandt to the beginnings of the famous British collections in the eighteenth century which have been developed so extensively there, in France and in our own country today.

It is with something more than ordinary fitness in the application of generic art terms that these pictures are called "Persian miniatures" for the school of Mughal art had its origin in two Persian painters who were brought to northern India by the Emperor Humayun. The actual founding of the school, however, was in the reign of Humayun's son, Akbar the Great, who reigned from 1556 to 1605 and who may be said to have Persianized the country, its art and its language. Native Indian artists soon adapted themselves to the style of the Persians, some taking service with the court and others working for their own Hindu people, this resulting in the two schools we have referred to. The court painters devoted themselves to the life of that world, its ceremonies, pageants and hunting expeditions and formed the Mughal school while the native artists outside this pale pictured the life of the people and the Hindu classics and became classified as the Rajput school.

Of the contrast we have pointed out between Eastern and Western viewpoints as to the place of writing in these miniatures Mr. Brown says: "In most Asiatic countries

calligraphy has always been considered as a higher art than that of painting. In India under the Mughals painters were regarded merely as hereditary craftsmen, who, under a long course of training, gradually become adept in painting pictures. On the other hand the *kbushnavis*, or beautiful writer, was a heaven-sent genius, one whose art could not be acquired by practice, however long-continued, nor by working according to rules; it was a natural gift."

With this for a foundation the author tells the history of the Mughal school through its historical and descriptive aspects; describes the methods and materials of the school; and in his extensive appendixes gives lists of painters and their principal works, lists of collections of Indian miniatures and a bibliography. American collections enumerated include those in the museums of Boston, Chicago, New York and Washington and the J. P. Morgan private collection in New York. To illustrate his text Mr. Brown has reproduced ninety of these Indio-Persian pictures, several in color, that cover the known range of the school. Many of these are very rare and come from private collections and with few exceptions are of the normal size of these miniatures which is that of a sheet of foolscap paper. That these Indian pictures were occasionally painted on material other than paper and in much larger size is shown by the reproduction of a portion of a painting on cotton cloth of "Princes of the House of Timur," the original of which is in the British Museum, the size of the entire picture being forty-five inches by forty-two inches.

SAILING-SHIP MODELS. By R. Morton Nance. Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd., London. Price, £3 13s 6d.

THE BRITISH ship model book has now become a thing of convention. Writers of these appeals to the wealthy amateur collector of models begin by developing some particular ship fad of their own to gain an effect of novelty and then draw upon the maritime museums of western Europe and America for models to describe and picture in terms of the old-time ships themselves rather than precisely of the models. It is also distinctly noticeable in such works that owing to the wilful provincialism of most British writers on this subject there appears to be a deliberate omission of proper consideration of the collection of such models in the Louvre and of the important place the great French minister Colbert occupies in the history of model making and the consequent development of the form and rig of ships.

It is Mr. Nance's particular fad to select the votive model as his contribution to this subject, a dozen illustrations of rigged hulls being shown from seaboard European churches although for the most part these church models, as he calls them, are more picturesque than accurate from the viewpoint of correct representation of original vessels. Mr. Nance has a second fad in an extraordinary enthusiasm for a print of a Flemish carrack of the fifteenth century made by an artist only known through the initials "W. A." He has made a model after the print, which serves as the frontispiece to his book, and refers to the old engraver and his print in unstinted praise which he gives to no other marine painter.

The range of the models reproduced in this volume, in

point of time, begins with this fifteenth century carrack and ends with several clippers of the mid-nineteenth century, there being included in the last White Star sailing clipper of 1890. All of these reproductions are excellent and among them is the now inevitable Cuckfield collection, owned by Colonel H. H. Rogers, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Henry B. Culver's "Sovereign of the Seas" is reproduced as is also an American merchantman of 1796 owned by Clarkson A. Collins, Jr., the inclusion of these two American built and owned models showing British appreciation of our model-making skill. Mr. Nance quite properly questions the date of 1779 "two-decker" model in the Peabody Museum at Salem, the rig as he points out scarcely allowing an eighteenth century classification.

The defects of this type of ship-model book lie in that they treat of the ships of which these models are illustrative rather than with the models themselves, that no plans of the model or ship are included so that a student of such things could tell what the hulls actually looked like, that no dimensions of the hulls or spars or rigging are stated, that details of the decorations are scamped, nor is any indication given of the value and importance of block models. When someone arises who will treat the involved, learned and laborious craft of ship model building with a view to telling what Nance and Chatterton have not told in their two recent books then we will have a work that will be of real use and consequence to the growing company of amateur model collectors and builders.

JOSEF ISRAELS. *By Max Eisler. The Studio, Ltd., London.*

THE CLEAREST story of the life of Josef Israels, the artist, is to be found not in Dr. Eisler's very sympathetic and rather over-elaborated text but in the seventy-eight reproductions of his subject's work which form the bulk of this paper-bound monograph. "The two poles of his student days in Paris," writes Eisler, "were Ary Scheffer and François Edward Picot, that is to say: the romantic and the classic." And in Scheffer's "almost a German sentimentality" as represented by his "Gretchen at the Window" the young Israels "saw the full realization of his greatest wish, namely, to portray poetic sentiment by the brush." Classicism, as represented by his "Meditation" of 1850 and the "Oldenbarneveld's Last Letter" of 1852, held him in its thrall for only a few years. The sentimental romanticism of Scheffer actually began to work its full force on Israels in 1858 with his cottage interior and three figures called "After the Storm," a vein in which he found his true *metier*, his greatest commercial success, all the fame that came to him in his lifetime and on which that fame must rest.

Few are the painters who are remembered in the world by so limited a range of subjects and media as is Josef Israels. A few portraits, fewer genre paintings such as the admirable "Jewish Wedding," some little known etchings—these all remain in the background while his sentimental representations of Dutch peasant life stand as his real *oeuvre* to the world. Although Israels' early life was one of a certain amount of privation his was always a cheerful spirit and his biographer gives the reader no explanation, beyond the spell of Ary Scheffer, for the melancholy pervading Israel's work beginning with that of the three waiting figures in "After the Storm" and the fisherman and his two children "Passing Mother's Grave." In the thirty years between the 1860's and the 1890's Israels painted many

such compositions, illness and death being the more numerous themes. A smile appears on the face of his peasant folk only three times in the works reproduced in this monograph, even his "Children of the Sea" playing with their boat with grave faces. Narrow as the scope of his work was it realized to the full his ideal of portraying poetic sentiment by the brush; and in spite of the fact that there are signs aplenty indicating that the vogue of his poetic sentiment is passing there are few painters who have left behind them a record of their ideal meeting with so much public acclaim and financial success in their lifetime as did Josef Israels. It will probably surprise most American readers to learn that Israels once wrote a book on Spain, published in 1899, as a result of a journey he made to that land and to Morocco.

PRE-ROMANESQUE CHURCHES OF SPAIN.

By Georgiana Goddard King. Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs, VII. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$2.

BETWEEN the fifth and twelfth centuries there were built in Spain three groups of churches, in order of time and difference of style, that are subjects of this learned monograph by the professor of the history of art in Bryn Mawr College under whose imprimatur this series of *Notes and Monographs* is published. Earliest of these are the Visigothic structures; the second those built at the beginning of the Reconquest by the Asturian kings; and the third group is comprised of the Mozarabic churches of the ninth to eleventh centuries. To be interested in such a work the reader must primarily be intensely concerned with the history of church architecture or with things Spanish while to enjoy this text he must have a good working knowledge of architectural terms and a familiarity with works on Spanish and Oriental architecture. Within the comparatively limited scope of such appeals this little volume must have the keenest appreciation owing to the scholarship that has gone into the making of it and the arduous personal searching out of some of these very ancient structures by the author. Its pictures and plans are excellent, its notes and bibliography staggering in their profundity and amplitude; and it has two maps that actually show, which all maps in books on travel or art do not, all the place names mentioned in the text.

THE PROCESS AND PRACTICE OF PHOTO-ENGRAVING. *By Harry A. Groesbeck, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.*

EVERYONE who has ever had to deal with the "mysteries" of engraving, whether for book and magazine illustration or for the reproduction of works of art, will appreciate this book. It is intended primarily for the man whose work it is to buy engraving, its aim being to help him to a greater understanding of the possibilities of the process and the means by which the best results may be obtained. Mr. Groesbeck's problem was a difficult one for he had to translate a highly technical process into terms which the layman could readily grasp. That he has done this and at the same time written a most readable book is a high compliment to his own mastery of the subject. The book performs a real service both to the engraver and the man who so often misunderstands him.

A GUIDE *for* ART LOVERS LEONORA R. BAXTER

IN ANSWER to the demand created by America's rapidly growing wealth and cultural development, New York has of recent years gradually become the world's clearing house for objects of art, both ancient and modern. Along with the best output of present-day schools of creative

STRONGLY contrasted to the intellectual appeal of the Rodin "Eve" comes a bit of beauty from another land. In Italy, previous to the fifteenth century, it was the custom for young women to put symbolic designs around the coats of arms upon the shields of departing warriors.



"EVE"

BY RODIN

work, one finds many masterpieces of past centuries, both privately owned and exhibited for sale. For instance, it is rather surprising that the original of Rodin's "Eve" is here, awaiting a purchaser. This statue, which represents Rodin's best period, was purchased from his studio by Monsieur Montainac, proprietor of the Galerie George Petit, who sold it in 1889 to James Sutton for the American Art Association. It was later acquired by a private collector. Recently it has been on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum and there is a bronze replica of this marble in the Metropolitan Museum. It is easy to read the symbolic message Rodin meant to give in his conception of "Eve." It is a dependent and very appealing figure. With feet firmly on earth, and head bowed to meet the sorrows of her sex, she seems to implore the emancipation that modern thought and feeling have given her sisters.

Exhibited by Cargoes Studios.



ABATJOUR OF GAUZE AND BRONZE

On the eve of the lover's departure for battle his shield was inverted and in it incense was burned. This ritual took place in front of his palazzo, with great ceremony, and was supposed to invoke the protection of the gods. Fortuny, with the skill and imagination of an artist, gives us the same design, symbolism and beauty in a modern abat-jour, or lighting fixture. It is fashioned of steel colored silk gauze in a framework of bronze, the symbolic motif faithfully carried out on the gauze in a delicate tracery of thin metal. Holding the beauty, and suggesting the mysterious charm of the medieval, the abatjour seeks an abiding place in the wide hall of some country house, or amid surroundings of old world dignity.

Fortuny Shop.

BY NO MEANS the least interesting of the treasures offered by the art shops are those of the American modernists, especially in the crafts. Illustrated here is a group of silver pieces, sponsored by the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts. This society, organized twenty-five years ago, has as its object the promotion of artistic work in all kinds of handicraft, thereby

creating new standards of beauty for articles in common use. With this in view, the society has formed a jury, composed of artists of note. Before this jury is assembled the work of artist-craftsmen and the stamp of its approval is a guarantee, not only of excellent workmanship, but of the highest artistic merit. The pitcher spoon illustrated is of early Colonial design. The pitcher and sandwich plate are conceptions of different artists and all



SANDWICH PLATE, PITCHER AND PITCHER SPOON
OF SILVER

are hand-wrought. The process of making has produced a soft quality and color seldom found in modern silver. Each piece suggests the joys of informal hospitality.

Boston Arts & Crafts Shop.

THROUGH much of the Italian Renaissance the ironworker was held in lower esteem than the craftsman in bronze, but with the late fifteenth century we find a return to decorative designs in iron of great beauty and versatility and the worker in this metal again taking his place among the distinguished artisans of the time. The disturbed condition of Italy necessitated strong



WROUGHT IRON FIRE SCREEN FROM AN ITALIAN MODEL

defensive measures in architecture, and in supplying this demand, the art of the iron-worker found expression. Projecting window gratings were introduced by Michelangelo and the designing of gates engaged the interest of some of the greatest masters. At this period Venice was famous as the centre for iron-work and there were developed the best examples of the craft. One of these, a very beautiful gate now in the Museo di Palermo in Rome, has served as inspiration to an American decorator for a modern fire screen which is a replica of the top section of the gate and preserves all the airy grace of the original. Following the same idea, this decorator, with imagination and rare ingenuity, has transformed and converted to modern use several old motifs of Italian iron. These are to be seen in her studio, and one looks from one to another with growing fascination.

Ruth Collins, Decorator.

AND HERE again is iron used as a medium for artistic interpretation. In a collection of wrought iron pieces is a mirror which makes up in charm and design what it lacks in antiquity. Done entirely by hand, the silhouette motif reflects Spanish influence of the seventeenth century. The finish, perfectly simulating age, speaks forcibly of the true artistic conception and execution of the artist-craftsman whose work it is. Used against rough plaster walls, and placed where its candles will throw alluring shadows, this mirror, thirty-five by eighteen inches, insures a touch of genuine beauty.



WROUGHT IRON MIRROR FRAME
BY JAMES R. MARSH

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO announces an information service for art patrons. Address STUDIO SERVICE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

BOOKS are collected because of their rarity or their beauty. Some collectors incline to the first, some to the second, and still others (and these the greatest) assemble their precious tomes both for beauty and for rarity. The true connoisseur of books is just as much entitled to be considered an art connoisseur as the lover of paintings. The November number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be a striking demonstration of this, because it will contain three superbly illustrated articles on different phases of the art of the book. The leading article in the number will be a comprehensive essay by Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen on book covers of the Orient, including Classic, Early Christian and Moslem examples. This will be illustrated with three plates in colors showing masterpieces that have survived the ages. The changes will be traced from the earliest times, knowledge of which survives only through representations in sculpture. The illustrations will reveal the skill of the Early Christians in using figures and the incomparable design of the Arabs, whose decoration was confined to geometric designs by Mohammed's precepts.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD" will be the theme of Jerome E. Brooks, and his article will deal with a later date, because it will be devoted exclusively to printed books and books in which illustrations or ornaments are integral. The printer and the designer of a book can be a great master among artists. A book in its type, its spacing, its format, can be as consummate an expression of the spirit of art as a painting or a work of sculpture. There has been much discussion among connoisseurs as to which book is the world's most beautiful. Without trying to answer it, Mr. Brooks will present the question in a most engaging way. Just which of the volumes that have been honored with superlative praise is the most worthy of it is a matter hardly to be decided because it is a question of taste and not of fact. At least one new contender for the distinction will be considered, a *Missale Romanum*, printed on vellum by Vostre and Kerver in Paris in 1517.

THESE TWO ARTICLES by Dr. Eisen and Mr. Brooks, of course, have to do with book making of the past. A new note will be provided by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, who will write of the manner in which the modernist decorators have introduced their ideas into bookbinding. The real Modernists, says the author, "seek to convey the character of the text, not through any real object, but by the abstract expression of the form and color of the design. These bookbinders are first cousins to the modernist painters, in fact are, some of them, modernist painters themselves, and they have learned from Cubism and the Expressionist schools the arrangement of geometrical forms in asymmetrical patterns to symbolize a mood or attitude." So that Dr. Ackerman's article provides literally the "last word" on bookbinding.

UP TO THE YEAR 1904 French Primitives were practically unknown even in France, the great exhibition then assembled in the Louvre attracting for the first time the interest of students of art who had generally looked upon French paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as almost exclusively the work of Flemish artists brought into France by the kings of that age. But modern scholar-

ship demonstrated that there was an important group of native French painters in those two centuries and that Paris was a real art center in the fourteenth century. Men like Jean Fouquet and Jean D'Orleans emerged as true French painters among a company of men who left distinguished works behind them, truly French in spirit and type. The Louvre gradually assembled the most numerous group of these pictures in one collection; but while its director was engaged in this task an American connoisseur was doing the same thing, and now Colonel Michael Friedsam, of New York, has thirty-six of them, the largest collection outside the Louvre. His French Primitives are unique in this country and an article on them and the school by William B. M'Cormick will appear in the November issue, with illustrations of some of the most beautiful.

"IF ONE were to establish ranks and precedence in the little world of French pottery and faïence the first place would unquestionably belong to those precious pieces of the Renaissance, long known under the name of *Faïence d'Oiron* and now more justly called the *Faïences de Saint-Porchaire*." The quotation is from the article on these pieces of faïence by Henri Clouzot, curator of the Musée Galliera in Paris, which will be published in the November number. The identification of these pieces, the tracing of the origin has been one of the most interesting and difficult of modern archeological researches in ceramics. The tale, as M. Clouzot tells it, is simple enough, and yet it is the story of more than sixty years of delving among old wills and sixteenth-century poetry; of study of the lives of the art patrons of that day and of the pieces themselves. As a result the potter who made these beautiful pieces and the circumstances which influenced his work are known. The pieces are beautiful and among the most valuable French ceramics for, in addition to their artistic merit, there are only about sixty examples known to be in existence.

THE CONNOISSEUR of prints can get as much pleasure out of one masterly line as a lover of painting can get out of a large canvas: there is something poignant and precious in his regard, he develops a keenness of feeling that is akin to the sensitiveness in the marvelously trained finger tips of the blind, his satisfaction in the thing he loves is transcendent. Yet, in the wide world of art, comparatively little is said about prints, especially new prints. Revolutionary happenings in painting and sculpture set critics and partisans to rolling thunder, but notable achievements in prints cause but a rustle. For this reason INTERNATIONAL STUDIO asked Elisabeth Luther Cary, the eminent critic, to contribute a series of articles on "Some Modern Prints in Public Collections." The first, dealing with French prints, and comprehending the work of such creative geniuses as Matisse and Picasso, will appear in November. In December Miss Cary will write of new American prints and in January will complete the series with a consideration of other countries.

THE PAINTING, "Boy in a Red Sweater," by Robert Henri is reproduced on the cover by courtesy of The Milch Galleries.

Payton Brownell



BROCADED MOTIFS

with the beauty of antique hand embroideries



THE idea of using brocaded motifs for chair coverings, fire screens, and pillows is a very old one in the history of interior decoration.

From the first plain coverings and panels themselves it was a short step to the fashion of embroidering spots of color which gave them great decorative value. It is this aspect which makes them so interesting today.

Like the beautiful antique pieces which they faithfully reflect, these brocaded



using chairs and seats with fixed upholstery instead of the movable cushions of an earlier period.

Other floral motifs especially rich in their colorings recall the designs used by a group of skilled craftsmen, assembled by Henry VIII, who made some of the earliest English pieces in the new fashion. The varying shades of rose and green, of rich metallic threads, the naturalistic shapes of these motifs, all suggest them for a variety of interesting adaptations.

Later, and equally abundant sources of inspiration are found in the large vases and ogival forms of the Renaissance, the delicate, balanced motifs of the Adam period, and the dainty classic designs of the Louis XVI era. Because of the detached character of brocade, a design of sharply separated motifs is best suited for its execution.

And, because of this wealth of design



A motif of this type, with metal threads, is adaptable for fire-screens and a variety of other uses

Schumacher motifs are expertly woven on hand looms. Their effects are obtained by floating wefts of colors on the surface of the plain silk fabric by means of the same type of broché, or loom-embroidery, used for the brocades of the Renaissance.

THE enthusiasm in many lands for brocaded effects can be clearly traced in the various Schumacher designs. One may lead back to Italy where the idea of using gorgeous silken fabrics on furniture first originated.

Another may tell of the days when French people of wealth, following the example of Italian cabinet makers, began



This motif in predominating tones of buff recalls the naturalistic designs of the Middle Ages

sources, each piece of furniture may have its brocaded covering in character. When specially chosen for a modern interior, they are as appropriate as were the delicate petit-point coverings of the Louis XV bergères or the handsomely brocaded velvets on the "love seats" of the Queen Anne period.

A RESULTING advantage is that their outlines conform with perfect appropriateness to the lines of the pieces where they are used—motifs of the most widely varying size and shape being available. Few other textiles, aside from tapestry and hand-embroidered fabrics, lend themselves so flexibly to the shapes of furniture and various decorative objects.



Decidedly reminiscent of Jacobean embroidery is this hand-woven brocaded motif on a black ground

These brocaded motifs, as well as a comprehensive selection of other fabrics, suitable for every type of interior, may be seen by arrangement with your decorator or upholsterer. He will also gladly attend to the purchase for you.

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GARTIER *and the Breakfast Table*

THERE are nine and forty ways of singing tribal lays" and almost as many of arranging the breakfast tray. But just as among the minstrels there must always have been one whose songs were most pleasing so nothing can surpass the charm of a beautiful silver service. The delicacy and fineness of line, the soft gleam of its polished surfaces create a delightful atmosphere which enhances the appeal of the coffee's aroma and inspires that sense of well-being which is the best introduction to the day.

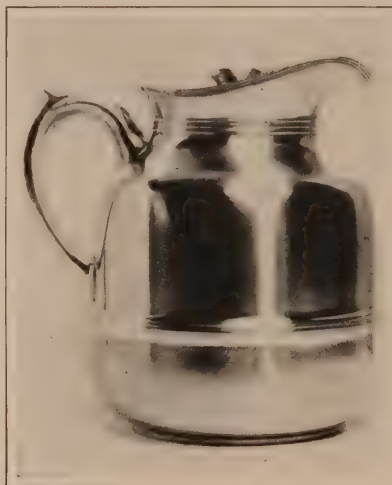
Particularly is this true when the service, in addition to the usual charm of silver,

The simple beauty of fine silver adds a delightful and tempting flavor to the well-served morning meal

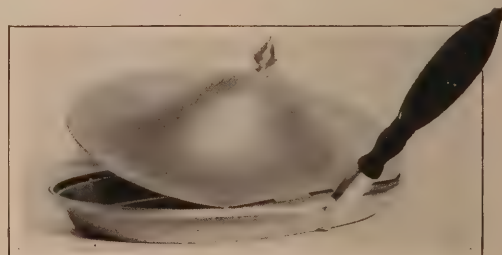
has all of the niceties of design which is apparent in the pieces made by Cartier. Everything which could add to the convenience or delicacy of the breakfast service has been embodied in pieces

of superlative attractiveness. There is, for example, the combined coffee, cream and sugar pot, an unusual and handsome bit of silver which is perfectly adapted to the guest-room tray and would gladden the heart of any visitor. Then, for the one who likes to lift, simultaneously, one eyelid and a coffee cup, there is the silver thermos ready for instant and beautiful service.

Breakfast is a most important meal, for on it depends our attitude toward the day. Everything, therefore, which forms a part of it, service as well as food, should be given the most careful consideration; the finest coffee tastes better from a silver pot from Cartier.



ABOVE: SILVER THERMOS FOR THE MORNING COFFEE.
LEFT: SILVER SUGAR, CREAM AND COFFEE POT.
RIGHT: SILVER BREAKFAST PAN





"Schubert Playing for His Friends"
Painted by Carl Röhling. © P. G.

GUESTS!

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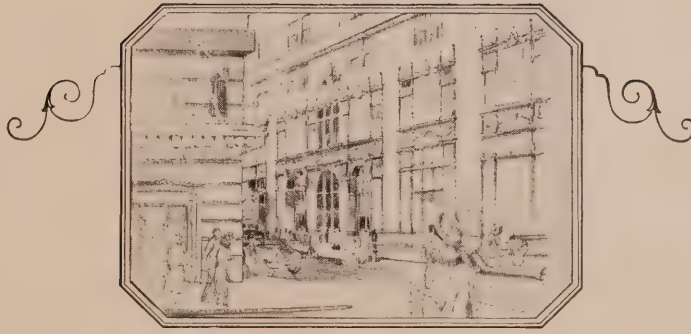
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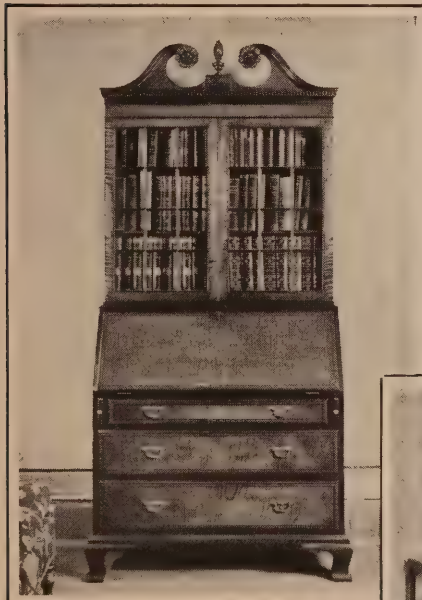
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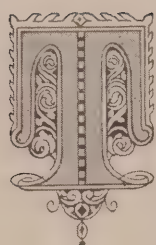
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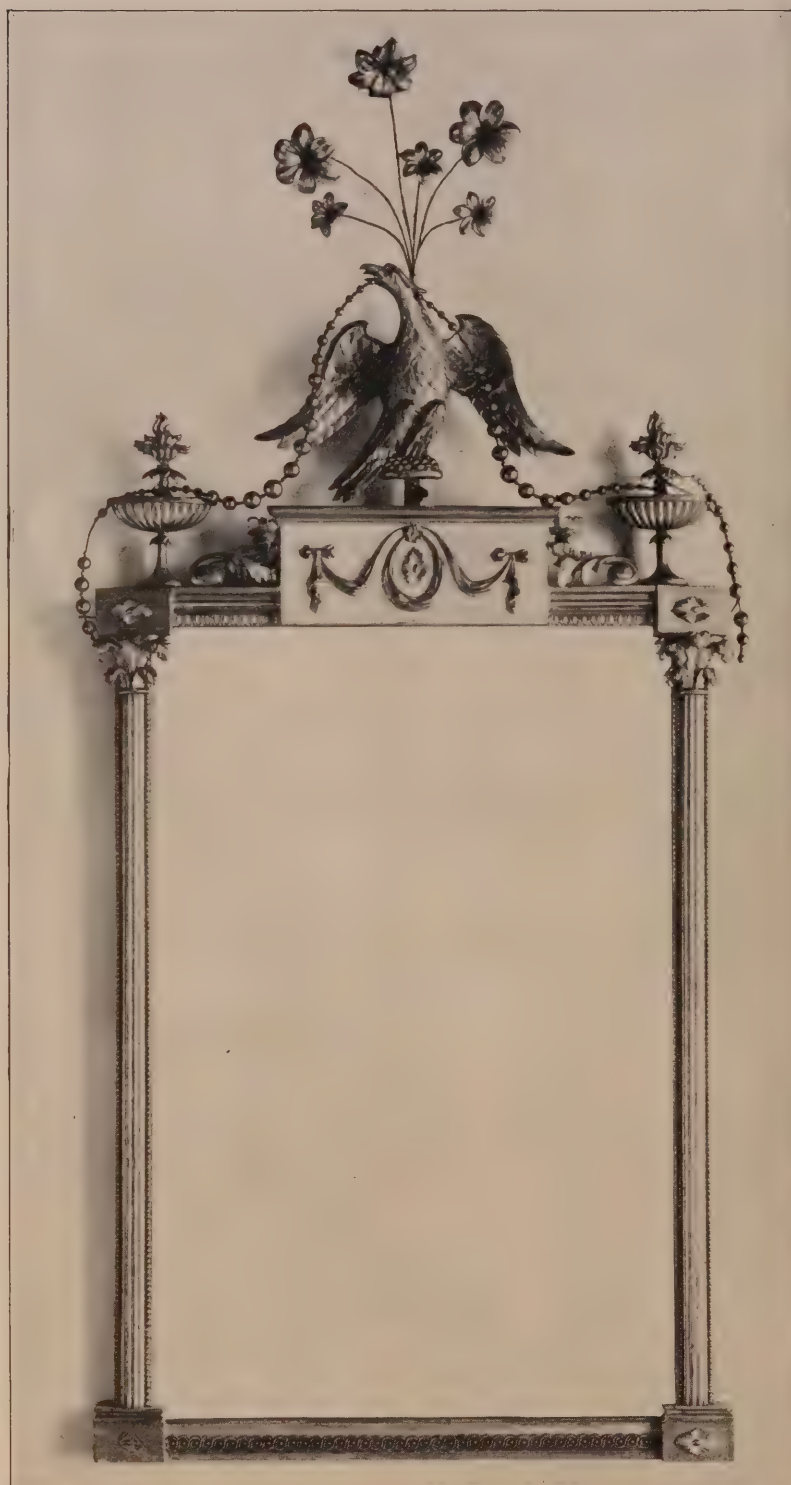
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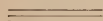
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Nov. 1	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Nov. 1	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
Nov. 1	New York	London	Direct	Atlantic Transport	Minnetonka
Nov. 1	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Lacona
Nov. 1	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Nov. 1	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-America	Volendam
Nov. 1	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
Nov. 4	New York	Havre	Direct	French	De Grasse
Nov. 5	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Nov. 5	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Nov. 6	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Pittsburgh
Nov. 6	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Stuttgart
Nov. 6	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Nov. 7	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Nov. 8	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Albert Ballin
Nov. 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Nov. 8	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Nov. 8	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Regina
Nov. 8	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Columbus
Nov. 8	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Nov. 8	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Saxonia
Nov. 8	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
Nov. 8	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-America	Veendam
Nov. 11	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen
Nov. 11	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Nov. 12	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Nov. 13	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Thuringa
Nov. 13	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland
Nov. 13	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Arabic
Nov. 13	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Nov. 14	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
Nov. 15	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United-American	Reliance
Nov. 15	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Nov. 15	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Nov. 15	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Canada
Nov. 15	New York	London	Direct	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
Nov. 15	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Nov. 15	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Nov. 15	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Nov. 18	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Hansa
Nov. 18	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzow
Nov. 18	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais
Nov. 19	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Nov. 19	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Nov. 19	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Nov. 20	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Minnehahda
Nov. 20	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Canloch
Nov. 21	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Nov. 22	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Deutschland
Nov. 22	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Nov. 22	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Nov. 22	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Doric
Nov. 22	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
Nov. 22	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-America	Ryndam
Nov. 26	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Nov. 26	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Nov. 26	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Nov. 26	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Nov. 27	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Westphalia
Nov. 27	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zeeland
Nov. 27	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
Nov. 29	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United-American	Cleveland
Nov. 29	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Nov. 29	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Nov. 29	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Columbus
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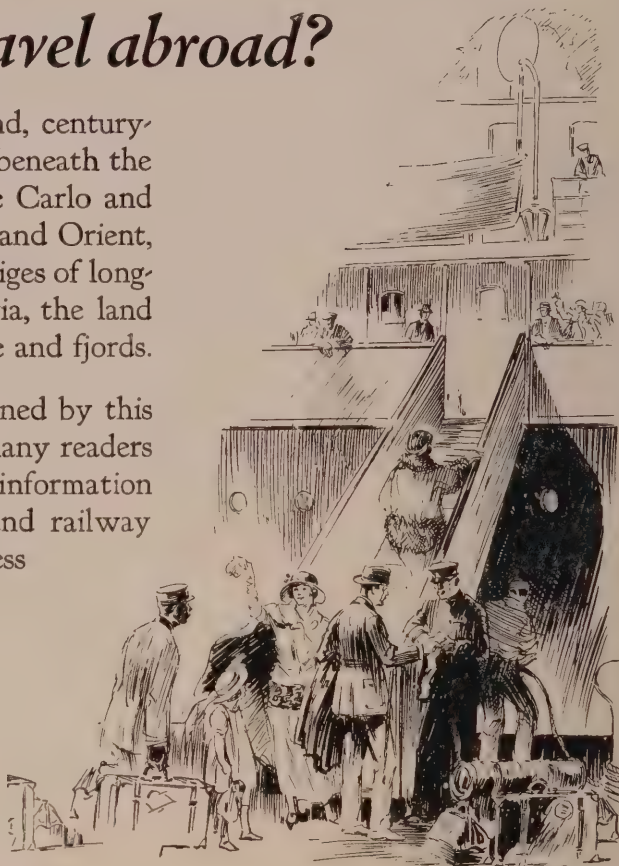
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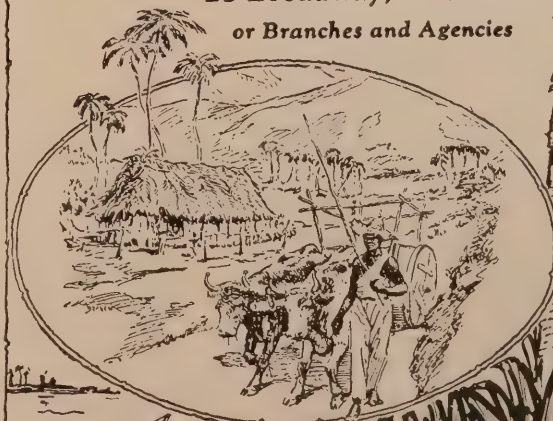
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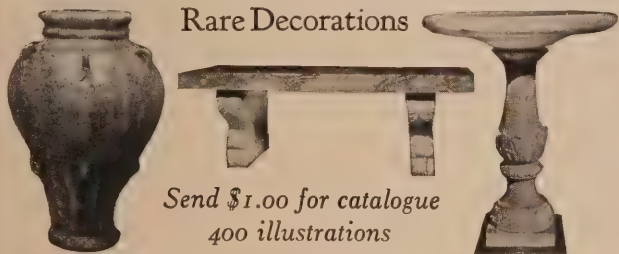
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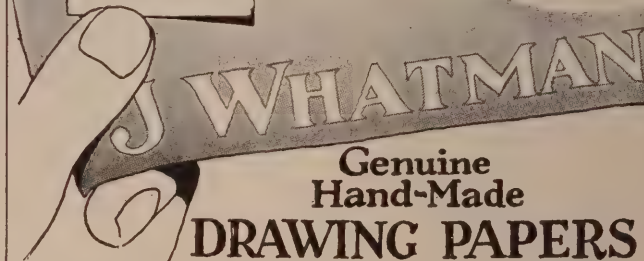
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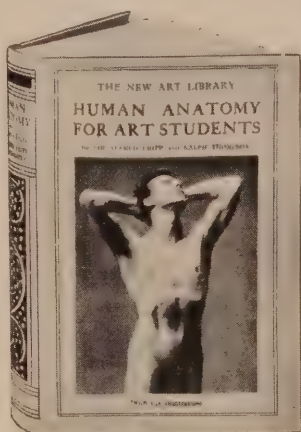
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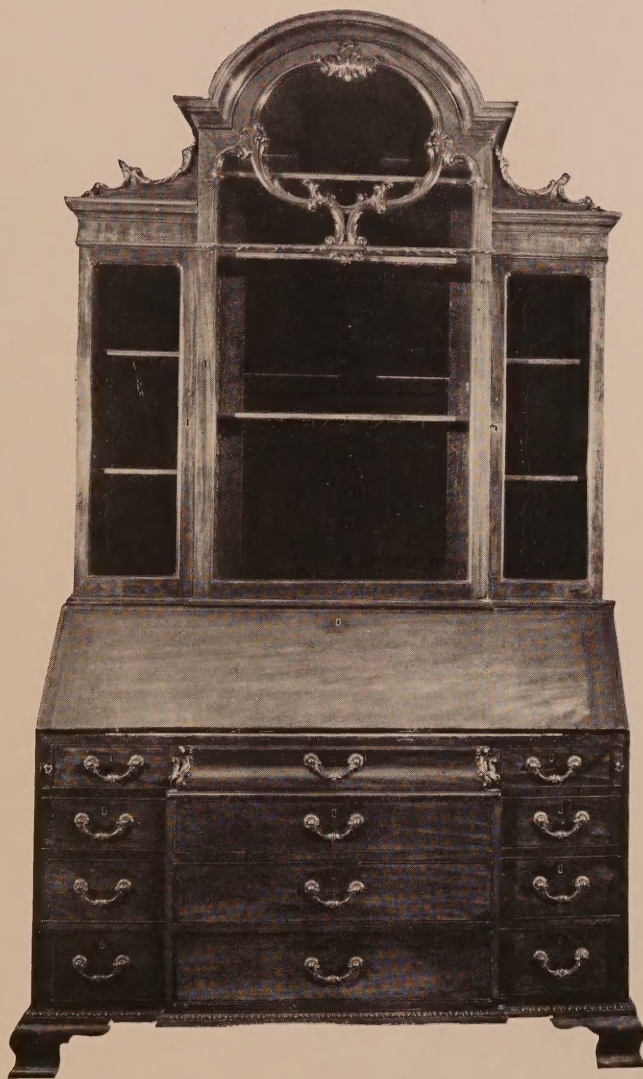
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